The Nation.

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The Week.

If the civil war in the anthracite coal region continues, schools must close, factories and mills must shut down, gas and electric companies must curtail their output, transportation be impeded—in short, in every direction the activities of the country will be hampered or brought to a cessation. The present situation, in every aspect, is impossible and intolerable. The State of Pennsylvania maintains it. From the very first, Gov. Stone has lacked firmness and force. A Quay henchman of the familiar type, he has, with his master, tried to play politics. The fortunes of Senator Quay and of Senator Quay's party have weighed far more with him than the good name of his State or the country. Not until recently has he shown a proper appreciation of the gravity of the situation. Every soldier in the State of Pennsylvania should be under arms and in the coal regions. If the National Guard does not suffice, the entire regular army is at the Governor's disposal. In none of the other Pennsylvania strikes has the Executive been so slow to act, so disinclined to rouse public sentiment on behalf of law and order. Meanwhile, the moral intervention at least of the President is being earnestly sought.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made two new rulings for the purpose of relieving the stringency in Wall Street. One of these is, that the national bank depositories need not keep any cash reserve against Government deposits; the other is, that the Treasury will accept other security for Government deposits than United States bonds. Under the former ruling, about $30,000,000 of cash held (or supposed to be held) as reserve against existing deposits in the banks would become available as active cash, and might ordinarily be used as the basis of loans and discounts to the extent of three or four times that sum. Under the latter ruling, all the money in the Treasury over and above the usual working balance might be deposited in banks against such collateral security as is usually taken by savings banks, trust companies, and by national banks themselves. These rulings have to be looked at in two different aspects, one relating to their legality and the other to their expediency. That they are unwarranted by law seems to be sufficiently plain. The law, which requires a fixed reserve to be held against deposits, makes no exception in respect of Government deposits. It is true that these are secured by sufficient collateral. Originally the banks were required to keep the specified reserve against circulation and deposits, both of these liabilities being secured by United States bonds. Congress saw fit to repeal this law as regards circulation, but did not change it as to deposits. It is said that Secretary Sherman, when engaged in refunding the national debt, relaxed this rule, but if he did so he exceeded his authority. His infraction of law, if he committed one, does not excuse any of his successors.

If Government officers are to assume the right to overrule statutes when the occasion, in their view, requires it, where is the policy to end? We know where it ended in the panic of 1873, when a frightened Secretary threw on the market a batch of fiat money legally marked for retirement. The crisis was made rather worse than better by that move of reckless desperation, and the Administration responsible for it incurred the unchanging and unsparing censure of its own and later times. Mr. Richardson's stretching of the powers of his office occurred at a time of genuine panic, helplessness, and depression; this is hardly the case with Secretary Shaw. It is also true that the Secretary's moves are but partly warranted by absorption of currency by the Treasury. The daily surplus revenue is at present moderately large; but the surplus revenue for the fiscal year has been barely $8,000,000. It must be obvious, then, that the Government's powers are being strained, not to correct a situation brought about arbitrarily by the Treasury, but to help the money market out of a difficulty into which it had brought itself. But this is a wholly new function for the United States Treasury, and it is certainly, in our judgment, a step for which our system of government is not prepared. If a Secretary has the right to overstep strict construction of the law to relieve a temporary strain in money, what is to hinder similar action merely to foster speculation? This is a pregnant question, which will be asked in many quarters of the United States to-day.

It is hard to believe that President Roosevelt has declined to accede to President Palma's request for the withdrawal of the United States troops from Cuba. Yet the fact is announced, and the solemn pretence is made that the refusal is in Cuba's interest, as she has only a couple of hundred artillerymen to uphold the Government and keep the peace. If the island has not more troops, the fault at first hand is ours, for Gov. Wood raised the existing two companies, and had them drilled, and if 2,000 are needed he certainly should have provided them before turning over the Government. He could have had 20,000 men if he had called for them. But, waiving all this, the dangers which the War Department conjures up are purely imaginary, as the conduct of the Cubans since 1898 clearly shows. If the Administration wishes to increase the friction between the United States and Cuba it is on the right track. The United States uniform will now be more than ever disliked when it appears on the streets of Havana, Cienfuegos, and Santiago.

Secretary Root undertook on September 17 a defence of the Philippine army in a stump speech at Peoria, Ill. At the same time there was received at the War Department a careful analysis of Secretary Root's attitude towards the outrages committed by American soldiers. This is from the pen of Mr. Moorfield Storey, the counsel for the Anti-Imperialist Committee, whose standing as a clear-headed and able lawyer is second to none. As a result of his study, Mr. Storey declares that "Secretary Root is the real defendant in this case," and that "the responsibility for what has disgraced the American name lies at his door." Mr. Storey finds Mr. Root "conspicuously the person to be investigated," and demands on behalf of the committee that the records of the War Department be laid bare, for the information of the public. Mr. Root's present duty, therefore, is a defence of himself, not of the army. That Mr. Root never voluntarily made any attempt to stop the barbarous practices in the islands, we firmly believe. Not until President Roosevelt insisted that the guilty men be adequately punished did Mr. Root act in the premises, and there is reason to believe that the President never knew the extent of the wrongdoing until it was forced upon his attention by public-spirited outsiders.

The first two volunteer officers to disgrace themselves, for instance, Capt. G. W. Brandle and Second Lieut. A. S. Perkins of the Twenty-seventh Volunteer Infantry, were found guilty, in 1900, of torturing Filipino prisoners by hanging them by the neck for ten seconds each. The sole punishment inflicted was a mild reprimand from the verbose and grandiloquent Gen. MacArthur, who gravely informed these uniformed torturers that they must practise "dignity and decorum" (!) hereafter. "In carrying out this unpleasant duty [of reprimanding the officers]," remarked the Philadelphia

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North American at the time, "Major-Gen. MacArthur does what he can not to wound unnecessarily the sensibilities of the offending officers." This thoughtfulness is characteristic of Mr. Root's attitude. It is true that Gen. MacArthur was the final reviewing authority, but the Secretary could very readily have served notice to the army by a general order, or otherwise, that such barbarity would not be tolerated anywhere. But the army got the impression that as long as the war was ended somehow, it mattered little what was done in the Philippine jungles, and so we had the long list of offenders, both volunteer and regular officers. To this deliberate blindness of the War Department is also due the failure to try Lieut. Conger, Eighteenth Infantry, and Capt. P. H. Lyon, Assistant Surgeon, who were implicated with Major Glenn, and whose trial was promised by President Roosevelt's order regarding the outrages.

Mr. Hay, when he issued the Rumanian circular, must have known that, so far as political fair-dealing was at issue, the United States lay open to a vigorous *tu quoque*. The retort discourteous has in fact been made simultaneously in many quarters. A Berlin and a St. Petersburg paper urge Rumania to intervene in behalf of the Filipinos. Prince Chika of Rumania, writing to the *Tribuna*, asks:

"Supposing that Europe accepts Mr. Hay's interference and consents to act in behalf of the Rumanian Jews, what will Mr. Hay say if Rumania requests the Powers to intervene and stop the persecution of negroes in the United States, and demands explanation in regard to the treatment of Filipino prisoners?"

The Jews of Rumania are deprived of the ordinary civil rights by just such a fiction as the "grandfather clause" which disfranchises so many of our Southern negroes. The Jews are held to be "aliens," and thus the treaty provision which requires civic equality of all religious confessions is evaded. It is as logical to declare a man an alien as it is to disfranchise him because his forebears could not have voted before 1863. Grievous as are the disabilities under which the Jews suffer in Rumania, there has been no such record of real persecution as could be cast up against ourselves in the matter of negro lynchings. As for our actual grievance and sole ground of the circular note—forced emigration of Rumanian Jews—M. Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, in *L'Économiste Français* for September 13, discusses European emigration from 1882 to 1901, without so much as mentioning Rumania.

The platform adopted at Saratoga on Wednesday of last week is very long, mostly insincere, and extremely feeble. It may be fitly styled "a weak, wishy-washy, everlasting flood." The parts to which one naturally turns first are those about which there has been so much stir lately in the conferences of party leaders and in the public prints—those relating to President Roosevelt and his anti-Trust campaign. It was the intention of the leaders at first to ignore the President altogether, lest the promoters and managers of industrial monopolies should cut off the supplies of cash from the campaign fund. But when they perceived that his utterances had made a great impression on the public mind, and that the action of conventions in other States nominating him for the Presidency in 1904 could not be overlooked, they reluctantly changed their plan. Accordingly the platform adopted at Saratoga contains a plank which "recognizes the fidelity" of President Roosevelt in carrying out the policy of his lamented predecessor, and the rare capacity he has shown in meeting his new responsibilities. It "looks forward with confidence" to his reëlection in 1904, and pledges the earnest efforts of the party thereto "so far as this convention has the power." Of course, this convention has no power to pledge the convention of next year. No fault is to be found with this saving clause, yet the reader will notice in the entire phraseology of the plank the same evidence of constraint and reluctance that was shown in the previous manœuvres of Platt and Quigg when they were trying to avoid any committal to Roosevelt. No such reluctance existed among the delegates to the convention. Their endorsement of Roosevelt was altogether enthusiastic, but they were obliged to vote for the tame resolution which the leaders prepared for them.

To endorse Roosevelt for nomination in 1904 without any reference to his recent public utterances was also the intention of the party leaders, and this purpose was changed only at the last moment. So the committee gave birth to the following resolution:

"While we would encourage business enterprises which have for their object the extension of trade and the upbuilding of our State, we condemn all combinations and monopolies, in whatever form, having for their purpose the destruction of competition in legitimate enterprise, the limitation of production in any field of labor, or the increase of cost to the consumer of the necessaries of life, and we pledge the party to the support of such legislation as will suppress and prevent the organization of such illegal combinations."

The language employed excludes the method of Constitutional amendment, which the President has proposed for the efficient control of monopolies. This choice of words could not have been due to inadvertence. In the resolution on Cuban reciprocity there is a similar failure to support the President. Effective relief is to be granted to Cuba, so far as it may be done "without harm to any American industry." This enables any New York Congressman who votes against Cuban reciprocity to say that since, in his belief, it would harm some American industry, he could not support it consistently with the platform of his party.

While the Connecticut Democrats did well in turning down Bryanism and silver, they were very weak in their attitude on what is the most important issue in the State to-day—that of reform in legislative representation. When the Constitutional Convention last spring failed to do the work for which it was created, and when its makeshift plan of representation was rejected by the indignant voters, it was naturally supposed that the Democrats would push that issue to the front and wage an aggressive campaign on it. No adequate reform is expected from the Republicans. They profit too much from the present injustice, which gives 400 residents in one town as much legislative power as 100,000 in others. No surprise was felt, therefore, when their State Convention declared its "faith in the historic town system," and its belief that the populous towns could be given "reasonable" representation without changing the fundamental features of the town-representation idea. The declaration meant nothing, as its framers well knew that the town-unit idea cannot be retained in any system which even approaches popular representation, without the creation of a legislative body so large that it would overflow the Capitol building. More was expected of the Connecticut Democrats, however, than an aping of their political opponents. In their Constitutional reform plank, placed at the end instead of at the front of the platform, they also declare their "faith in the historic system of town government," and pledge themselves to give the populous communities "adequate representation," while retaining the town-representation plan. Such a cowardly attitude can evoke no enthusiasm, and little will be heard of the chief issue in Connecticut to-day unless the Democratic nominee for Governor, Melbert B. Cary, one of the foremost advocates in the State of representative reform, should force the fighting on that line.

The Republican primaries in the Eleventh Congressional District of Massachusetts, which is a part of the city of Boston, have resulted in the selection of delegates a majority of whom are favorable to the nomination of Eugene N. Foss for Congress—a fact sure to cause further disquietude among those who oppose any "meddling" with the schedules of the Dingley tariff. Mr. Foss made his canvass for the nomination squarely on the issue of free iron and free hides, which he favored. He was opposed by all the influences of the State and city Republican machine, which looked

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askance at his doctrines and favored the candidacy of another. While a business man of excellent reputation, Mr. Foss was not well enough known to have been nominated in spite of these influences but for his platform. Under these circumstances, it seems fair to assume that the verdict of the Eleventh Congressional District of Massachusetts is in favor of revising the tariff along certain lines. There is nothing surprising in this, but, together with the other signs of the times, it has its significance.

Some important hints were thrown out by Mr. A. B. Hepburn in his recent address to the Bankers' Association of Pennsylvania, touching the defects of our currency system. He gave an account of the German system of "emergency circulation," by means of which the banks are allowed to issue notes in excess of ordinary requirements on condition of paying a tax at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the excess. Mr. Hepburn thought that it would be safe to allow national banks, in emergencies, of the gravity of which the Secretary of the Treasury should be the judge, to issue notes not exceeding in amount one-half of their capital stock, on condition of paying a tax of 6 per cent. per annum on such circulation. It was his opinion that such issues not only would be safe, but would relieve the banks of the necessity of issuing Clearing-house loan certificates in times of panic. The latter system, although, under our present methods, indispensable at times, tends to weaken confidence in the banks which resort to it. It should, therefore, be superseded by a better method of meeting such emergencies. Mr. Hepburn called attention to the fact that ordinarily banks in Germany are allowed to count the notes of other specie-paying banks as a part of their cash reserve against circulating notes, but he did not recommend that they be used as reserve against deposits here. On the contrary, he said:

> "I cannot persuade myself that a banknote, as that term is generally understood, ought ever to be counted as reserve; but our national banknotes, secured as they are, are as good for reserve or for any other purpose as any obligation in this country can be."

That is quite true, but no "obligation" should ever be counted as a bank reserve, except the demand obligations of the Government, and the latter should be dispensed with as soon as possible. Under an ideal system, the bank reserves would consist only of gold coin and bullion.

What constitutes proper supervision of life-insurance companies was ably set forth in the remarks of John A. McCall before the insurance officials of twenty-four different States, in session at Columbus, O., last week. Mr. McCall contended that the motive for most of the restrictions was a legitimate desire on the part of the State to protect the public from irresponsible concerns which wrought such havoc in this country twenty years ago. This point Mr. McCall was peculiarly well qualified to bring out, since the crusade inaugurated against fraudulent insurance companies during his administration as head of the New York Insurance Department was of incalculable advantage to policy-holders of this State. Not satisfied with sending the chief impostors to State prison, Mr. McCall promulgated a series of rules governing the regulation of insurance companies that have since formed the basis for the most intelligent and rigorous supervision in force anywhere. While Massachusetts and New York have usually taken the lead in such reforms, most of the important States have corrected the old abuses which sprang from an improper conception of the real function of such companies. Chief among these reforms has been the abandonment of the movement against corporations of foreign countries doing business in certain Western States. This warfare was waged for years in the form of discriminating taxation, until the business public became aroused by the folly of restricting the supply of available insurance by forcing some of the strongest underwriting corporations out of the field. Mr. McCall's utterances, on the whole, form a valuable contribution to the literature of State insurance supervision. They should exert an important influence in correcting the abuses of a necessarily complicated system.

Professor Cattell of Columbia University points out, in *Science*, certain difficulties in the way of administering the funds of the Carnegie Institution, and makes some interesting, practical suggestions. He discerns, in the plan of subsidizing individual investigators or departments of research in the present universities, the danger that the university may reduce correspondingly the funds allotted to these purposes, while private givers will be inclined to withdraw their support. A similar disadvantage accompanies the purchase of existing laboratories or experiment stations. In the case of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, which the Carnegie Institution is said to have marked for its own, the change of ownership would reduce greatly and perhaps cut off the stated contributions which that admirable institution receives from scores of colleges. It would also nullify whatever prospective benefactions the laboratory may have in store. Accordingly, Professor Cattell lays down the general principle, "Should the Carnegie Institution make an appropriation on condition that it be duplicated locally, its funds would be spent to advantage." This, be it observed, is both good sense and sound Carnegie doctrine.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's criticism of the Balfour Ministry is worth more to the Liberals than the winning of a handful of by-elections. The late Chancellor of the Exchequer practically accuses the Government of inefficiency in the War Office and recklessness in the Treasury. It is hard to see how the condemnation of a "khaki" Ministry could be more complete. In other directions also the Government has aroused deep discontent. If the Education Bill began a year ago as a colossal bore, it has become a political issue of the first magnitude. By an inconsiderate application of the Crimes Act in Ireland Mr. Balfour has presumably alienated his Nationalist supporters of the bill, while, if he pushes it through by a nominal majority, its passage will be the signal for thousands of Nonconformists and Liberals to refuse to pay the rates. No Ministry could survive in the face of wholesale arrests of usually law-abiding citizens who had chosen to enter so drastic a protest against Episcopal control of the public schools. Mr. Balfour and others have been deploring the lack of a vigorous opposition. It looks as though the Irish question and the school question would quickly supply this need. In spite of his large paper majority, the Premier will reënter the Commons with prestige so greatly diminished that it is hard to see how an appeal to the country can be long deferred.

Germany is reaping the full fruits of "protection" in the high price and absolute scarcity of meat. The Government insists on keeping the food tariff—particularly that on animal products—at a point which will permit the negotiation of pending reciprocity treaties. The Agrarians insist upon the original excessive schedules of the new tariff bill. The Government can better afford to be beaten on the bill than to yield, and the Agrarians will not give way; so the deadlock is complete. But it appears that the protest of a country cruelly mulcted for the benefit of the farming class is making itself heard. There are indications that the Agrarians are losing strength, and there is some attempt to unite the Liberal and Social-Democratic parties into a genuine Left. Such a fusion of the liberal forces in Germany is most devoutly to be desired. Once effected, stranger things might happen than that the Government should seek support from the Left, thus repeating more sensationally in an Empire the recent parliamentary history of the Republic of France and the Kingdom of Italy, in both of which the Government has ruled with the aid of the Socialists.

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COAL-MINING BY RECEIVERS.

"The Coal Mines and the Public" is the title of a pamphlet of sixty-three pages, in which the writer, Mr. Heman W. Chaplin, seeks to show how the mining of anthracite coal may be resumed by judicial process. A suit has already been instituted in Boston for a receivership of the principal coal-carrying and coal-mining companies, in order to accomplish this end.

Mr. Chaplin sets out with the proposition that real estate is never held by a private owner by an absolute title, but is subject to the right of the public, which may either restrict the use of it or require from the owner affirmative action in respect of it. About one-half of his argument rests upon the rulings of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Munn case, where the owners of a grain elevator in Chicago were required to submit to a law passed by the Legislature of Illinois which required all such elevators to conduct their business in a certain way and to take out licenses which should be revocable for misconduct, and which fixed a maximum sum for the storage and handling of grain. The owners of the elevator, which had been built and put in operation before the passage of the law, refused to comply with it. They were prosecuted, convicted and fined. They took an appeal, but the judgment of the lower court was sustained, both in the Supreme Court of Illinois and in that of the United States. There are probably some lawyers who still think that the decision in the Munn case is unsound, but there are none who expect ever to see it reversed.

Mr. Chaplin seeks to fit this decision upon the corpus of the coal-carrying and coal-mining companies of Pennsylvania. The offence for which Munn was punished was that of disobeying a statute which the State of Illinois was competent to pass. There is no statute of Pennsylvania requiring a railroad to carry coal which has not been offered to it. If there is one which requires a mining company to mine coal at all, we have never heard of it. Nor do we believe that a law will ever be passed requiring an owner of coal property to mine more coal than he can. Certainly no court will ever seek to compel him to do so in the absence of such a statute. The law does not require impossibilities. The decision in the Munn case does not fit the *corpus delicti*. Whether the mine owners are to blame or not, they are not blamable in that way. Therefore, the first half of Mr. Chaplin's argument is wide of the mark.

If the second half has any better foundation than the first, it tells against the striking miners rather than against the mine owners. "Where a trust right in the real estate of another exists," he says, "a court of equity, in the absence of a statute, can enforce that right." No such trust right in coal lands having been established or being fairly inferred from the Munn elevator case, there is nothing for a court of equity to do, adversely to the possessors of the legal title. Then Mr. Chaplin goes on to say:

> "Where a claimant's right is a right to active operations, a court of equity will, where it is necessary, protect him in the exercise of his right by injunction against interference with him, or will, if more convenient, exercise the right in his behalf by appointing a receiver of the property and putting such receiver in charge of the property and having him operate it for the benefit of all concerned."

The first clause above quoted describes the mine owner exactly. He is the claimant who has a right to active operations and to protection in carrying them on. He is the one who may properly ask for an injunction against interference. If a receivership is needed in the anthracite region, it is needed as a shield and guard against lawless individuals and mobs who are stopping trains, dynamiting railroad bridges, and murdering men who are trying to earn an honest living as miners and to relieve society from the terror of a coal famine on the eve of winter. Mr. Chaplin apparently would put the coal carriers and operators in the hands of a receiver in order to coerce them; but if this is a case for coercion it should be applied to the neck of the other party.

An important witness to this purport is Bishop Talbot of the Episcopal Church of central Pennsylvania, whose diocese embraces the entire anthracite region, and who feels moved by the gravity of the situation to issue a signed statement. Although his sympathies are strongly enlisted for the miners and their families, he says that the strikers went out when no real grievances existed which could not have been peaceably adjusted. "It is now well known," he adds, "and is even expressed by their leaders, that the *crux* of the whole matter is the recognition of the organization known as the Miners' Union." This is exactly what Mr. Hewitt said and what Mr. Mitchell denied when, referring to Mr. Hewitt's statement, he said there had been "no formal demand" for recognition; by which he wished the public to understand that that was not one of the issues at stake. Now Bishop Talbot says that it is the *crux* of the whole matter, and we believe him. We agree with him also that to accede to this demand is to pass the ownership of the property over to the miners' organization. The power to dictate who shall work in the mines includes everything else. Bishop Talbot passes judgment upon Mitchell himself in his concluding sentence, where he says that the miner "has been wofully duped and unwittingly sacrificed to the overweening and selfish ambitions of his imaginary friends."

This statement helps us to form an opinion of the value of a receivership of the coal-carrying and coal-mining companies by an order of court. Such an order would put upon the judge granting it the immediate responsibility for conducting a business of infinite detail and complexity, which has crushed and disabled the most experienced men in the world in times past, and has gone more than once through bankruptcy. In the event of a receivership the public would at once look to the judge to supply them with coal "at a reasonable price"—this is one of the demands most strongly insisted upon by Mr. Chaplin. Of course, this could not be done for a long time to come—probably never under that system of management. But the miners would construe the receivership as a decision of all disputed points in their favor, and would strike against the receiver if they were not granted. That way of settling the difficulty is No Thoroughfare. The right way to begin is by restoring the reign of law in the coal region, and this, Bishop Talbot says, should be done in twenty-four hours.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

A process of myth-making by reiteration has for several years been in progress in Canada regarding the question of the Alaskan boundary, and bids fair to produce, sooner or later, serious consequences. The subject is one on which very few persons are well informed; it is difficult to obtain accurate information about it, and partisan spirit may expend itself on it under the mask of patriotism with little fear of discovery. It is unquestionable that the public in Canada, including many of the more intelligent and influential classes, has been for several years assiduously supplied with articles on the boundary which, notwithstanding their essential falsity, have created a body of opinion with which, mistaken as it is, it will be difficult to deal. A somewhat similar state of mind, exhibited by a less well-informed body of Americans, was noticeable in southeastern Alaska in 1899, when the temporary boundaries of the *modus vivendi* were laid out near the head of Lynn Canal. Such subjects offer gold mines for the sensational press in either country, and so the evil grows. On the whole, the press of the United States has been indifferent, occupied with more timely matters, and the reiteration of the Canadian myth across the border has passed unheeded here. Congress, also, in ignoring for session after session the settlement of a question which was bound to produce international irritation as the Alaskan country became better populated, has incurred a grave responsibility. Our Canadian cousins have a just right to complain of this, however wrong they may be in some other matters.

An excellent example of the literature above alluded to is a recent publication,

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in the *Canadian Law Review* for September, of an article by Thomas Hodgins, K.C., of Toronto, which is also printed in the *Contemporary Review*. It is well written, gives evidence of much familiarity with international law, and of just enough acquaintance with the facts not to disturb the flow of a grave and apparently weighty argument. Regarded as the effort of counsel to represent the case of his client, it is admirable, and, with the intelligent public who cannot hear the argument for the other side, it will necessarily be influential. Believing that in the interests of truth, of the international relations of the two countries, and of the speedy settlement of this vexed question, it is eminently desirable that both sides should be heard, we propose to point out certain facts which Mr. Hodgins passes without mention; to challenge certain assumptions on which his whole argument rests, and which we believe to be erroneous; and to say a few words on the subject of arbitration, with which the latter part of his article deals.

When the treaty of 1825 was made between Russia and Great Britain (of which our treaty of 1867 is a replica in its essentials) the Russian-American Company maintained a fishery for sea-otters in the archipelago of southeastern Alaska which was the chief source of the Company's revenue. Members of the Imperial family and their court were among the stockholders. The Hudson Bay Company at that time had no posts west of the Rocky Mountains and north of the southern boundary of Alaska. The country was regarded as a worthless wilderness, valuable only for fur animals. The only official maps of the region were those of Vancouver, which represented a non-existent solitary chain of mountains extending continuously in a general parallelism with the continental coast. This was the map-maker's conventional sign for a mountainous country, but the diplomats took it for an actual range, as appears in the British instructions cited by Mr. Hodgins among the preliminaries to the treaty. This hypothetical range was taken to carry the boundary line in the treaty as agreed upon, except that, when its summit proved to be more than ten marine leagues from the coast, the boundary should be formed by a line parallel to the coast and ten marine leagues therefrom.

The Russian Company and the court desired to safeguard their sea-otters from the Hudson Bay Company, which was engaged in extending its trading-posts into the interior; and, while they were willing to permit navigation of the rivers by which the interior could be reached, they determined to make themselves secure against trading-posts on the coast by which the sea-otter trade of Russia might be depleted. This they effected by obtaining a continuous strip of coast *(lisière)* which they held for years, later leased for a time to the Hudson Bay Company, and finally sold to the United States. Great Britain had the free navigation of the rivers *(fleuves*, which Mr. Hodgins mistranslates "waters"), and for *a period of ten years* was also allowed to navigate the inlets. The limitation of time in the latter case disposes at once and for ever of the lengthy arguments about territorial waters to which Mr. Hodgins and other Canadian advocates devote so much space. All the argument about "ocean" and "*mer*," and territorial jurisdiction, and boundary lines skipping across navigable arms of the sea, sinks into ineptitude when confronted with the fact that Great Britain accepted a limitation of the right of navigation of the inlets to ten years, and the Hudson Bay Company afterwards paid an annual rent for many years for the privilege. These facts are sedulously ignored and left unmentioned by Mr. Hodgins and other Canadian writers, who do not even quote the part of the treaty in which the first is set forth.

In the absence of a definite "summit of the mountains," the United States has a right to fall back on the "ten marine-league" line as a boundary. In the geographical uncertainty which obscured the characteristics of the *lisière* until very recent surveys, the line was drawn on our charts at ten marine leagues from the sea. At only one known place in Alaska is there a definite "summit" which may be utilized in the sense of the treaty, and that is at the head of Lynn Canal. Here the summit of the White and other passes clearly should be regarded as so defined, and has been adopted in the line laid down in 1899 as a *modus vivendi*. Mr. Hodgins is therefore mistaken when, in this place, he draws from an old chart the ten marine-league line and states that here it is "claimed by the United States." That expression should be used only when a diplomatic claim to that effect has been made, and none has been made of the sort stated. To charge the United States or Canada with claiming all the absurdities which have appeared on maps in either country, is fair to neither.

Mr. Hodgins makes a strong appeal for arbitration of the question, and it is certain that, if the case should be determined on its merits, as in law courts, this would be best for the interests of both parties. Certain phases of the case are adapted for arbitration, others are not. Unfortunately for international peace, in three very important recent arbitrations the arbitrators have seemed to regard themselves as partisans, and not impartial judges; and absolute failure of the proceedings has been averted only by a decision which was privately, if not publicly, admitted to be not based on the merits of the case, but merely a compromise to avoid war, in which the weaker party was given the least that would shut its mouth. In one case, that of the Delagoa Bay arbitration, it is acknowledged that the result was a scandalous miscarriage of justice, where the outraged plaintiffs submitted on the principle that a crust is better than nothing.

The United States will not submit the Alaskan boundary to such a court. When a little experience has been had of the workings of the Hague Tribunal, it may prove that justice, and not political influence, will be the guide of that body. An international supreme court is sadly needed, and this one, as yet untried in any really momentous question, may fill the rôle. If so, the boundary question may be carried there with general approval. Until then a masterly inactivity may be more prudent. At any rate, some means should be taken of informing the general public of the ascertained facts without exception; a knowledge of which in this, as in many other cases, would do much to abate the bitterness of argument.

THE NEW MEDICAL EDUCATION.

If any department of applied science has in recent years appeared to show rapid and healthy growth, it is the department of medicine. The triumphs of medical experts, particularly in such lines as surgery, bacteriology, and sanitary science, are familiar wonders, while the gifts of large endowments for such institutions as the Harvard Medical School and the Johns Hopkins Hospital have seemed to stamp with approval both the methods and the results of modern medical work. It is somewhat startling, therefore, to find Professor Barker, head of the department of anatomy in the University of Chicago, seriously questioning both the wisdom and the propriety of much of the prevailing course of medical instruction, and urging instead the adoption of methods which will doubtless seem to many members of the profession not only revolutionary, but chimerical. Professor Barker's standing, however, as one of the most eminent American anatomists entitles his opinions to great respect, and his paper on "Medicine and the Universities," reprinted in pamphlet form, with some changes, from a recent issue of *American Medicine*, has already begun to provoke discussion.

The history of medical education in this country shows several types of schools. The first, and the earliest in point of time, is what Professor Barker calls the "proprietary" medical school. This is a school formed, usually, by a group of medical men for the double purpose of educating physicians and improving their own professional standing. The curriculum, limited at first to a single course of lectures, gradually expanded, until now, in most schools, it covers four years. For financial sup-

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port, dependence was had on the fees of students, the surplus being divided among the instructors at the end of the term, while professional connection with the school came to have so great financial value that practitioners were glad not only to obtain appointments to which no compensation was attached, but even to pay a large price for the sake of getting them. For clinical opportunities, resort was had to the charity hospitals and such minor clinics as the resources of the school allowed to be held.

The growth of laboratory methods of instruction in science, however, forced the proprietary schools to a change of method. The great cost of laboratory work in physiology, histology, pathology, and bacteriology could not be met from fees, nor could the new instruction itself be given with the comparatively small expenditure of time required under the old system. The larger number of schools, accordingly, have formed connections more or less close with neighboring colleges or universities. Rarely, indeed, has the university assumed any financial responsibility under the new arrangement beyond providing additional facilities for laboratory instruction, but the gain to medical education from the introduction of scientific methods in the early part of the curriculum has been, on the whole, very great.

Useful as has been the work of the proprietary schools, however, their day, in Professor Barker's judgment, is past. What is now demanded is medical training fully on a par, in its methods, aims, and conditions, with the best university work in other lines. The nearest approximation to what is required is found in the six or eight principal medical schools in the United States, to which Professor Barker gives the suggestive name of "semi-university" schools. In these schools the subjects of the first two years are taught under the best scientific conditions by instructors who do not engage in private practice, and whose only aim is to do the best possible scientific work and give the best possible scientific training. But this is as far as the reform has gone. The subjects of the last two years are taught by men in active practice, not always of broad training, and appointed primarily because of their success as practitioners. Further, few universities own or control hospitals, but must rely upon the charity institutions, the majority of which are still, as we all know, subject to political or personal influence.

The weakness of present-day instruction in medicine, in Professor Barker's opinion, is the preponderating combination of teaching and private practice in the personnel of our medical faculties. What he would have is a real university school of medicine, in which the same views of the professor's functions which obtain in other departments shall hold also for the medical faculty. It is generally understood that the professor of mathematics, or chemistry, or political economy shall give his whole time to the business of instruction and research, and not half of it to the university and half to some commercial or manufacturing enterprise.

"Imagine," says Professor Barker, "the condition which would exist if the university said to its professor of economics, 'We shall be glad to have you as our professor of this subject provided you are willing to do the teaching we ask of you without direct remuneration. Your position in the university will make you so well and favorably known that you will be able to secure financial responsibilities in the city which will give you a far larger income than we could afford to pay you,' or, if the President and trustees made a proposition to the professor of chemistry that he be paid $1,500 per year to take charge of the teaching and investigation in the chemical laboratories, it being pointed out to him that the prestige of a university professorship would enable him to secure lucrative positions as commercial chemist to four or five manufacturing concerns in the city in which he lives, or as analyst to baking-powder companies and manufacturers of pure-food preparations; some of the trustees taking the stand that the intimate contact thus gained with chemistry as practically applied in the business world is not only desirable for the professor, but absolutely essential in order that his influence upon his students may not be too academic. . . . What, think you, would be the rate of progress in original work in the sciences of political economy and chemistry in a university so constituted? And yet, there is not a medical faculty in a university anywhere in America where this plan is not followed, at least for some of the chairs."

Professor Barker writes throughout with perfect courtesy and with cordial recognition of the high aims and unselfishness which characterize teaching physicians as a class, but his paper is nevertheless a strong indictment of American medical education as a whole. Whether his contention is sound, or not, is a question which no layman is competent to decide. That the reform for which he contends will not be brought about without much discussion is self-evident, but if the course of scientific instruction in other departments is any criterion, he has pointed the way along which the medical education of the future will proceed. The enormous cost of a true university medical school, with its highly paid staff and series of observational hospitals, is not the least obstacle in the way. Most serious, however, will be the opposition of the medical profession to a surrender of the time-honored notion that the best preparation for teaching is a large private practice.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

A very bitter but a very sincere spirit has passed away. A great and indefatigable talent vanishes, leaving behind it the memory of a discredited theory of literature and the better remembrance of a battle for truth and justice conducted with that same impressive fanaticism which gave the world the sordid epic of the Rougon-Macquart family. It was characteristic that Zola's first book of criticism should have been called 'My Hatreds' *(Mes Haines)*; it was not without significance that he who later condemned his country for its cruelty to Alfred Dreyfus, should have been the ardent defender of that great but unappreciated genius, Éduard Manet. No one who has seen the man near at hand, has marked the abruptness of his movements and the settled gloom of his expression, has heard him speak tender words to a body of mourners—as we recall him at the burial of Alphonse Daudet—with the air of berating a hostile audience, could doubt that his heart was torn with the *sæva indignatio* of a Swift—could fail to perceive all the qualities and defects of a temperament essentially fanatical.

Zola's activity may fairly be divided into three periods: first, that of the human document, most signally represented by the Rougon-Macquart series of no less than twenty volumes, written from 1871 to 1893; second, that of growing idealism, exemplified in the three cities, 'Lourdes,' 'Rome,' 'Paris' (1894-1898), and culminating in the colossal idyll, 'Fécondité,' 1899; third, the great episode of 1898, the appeal to the conscience of France, and the agitation which resulted in the retrial of Alfred Dreyfus and the rout of the army cabal.

Zola's theory of the "experimental novel," as set forth in the book of that name and as illustrated by the greater part of his literary work, has had its day and passed into the limbo of suspended doctrines. Zola was never quite consistently faithful to his own theory of naturalism and the human document, and in his later years he repudiated it by his practice. He chose to speak of himself as a "naturalist" rather than a realist, because his plan was larger than that of reproducing with minute fidelity the details of life as observed. He desired rather to make his books "cross-sections of reality," in which the environment, heredity, individual prepossessions, personal, political, and industrial relations of a group, and the deeds which sprung from these causes, should all be contained. "I could wish to imbed all humanity in my page, all beings, all things—to create a work which should be one vast repository." Of the greatness of this enterprise there can be no doubt. Its accomplishment in the Rougon-Macquart series, however, hardly corresponds to the amplitude of the design. To study in a selected group the entire course of modern French society, to lay bare the symptoms of the fever that led from the installation of the Second Empire to Sedan—this was his plan in pursuing to the impurest depths the fortunes of the Rougons and Macquarts. But Émile Zola was no Balzac, to plan a *Comédie Humaine* of which the minutest part should be an unending source of intellectual enjoyment and

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of interpretation of life. Zola's single novels rarely sustain the nervous and compelling style of the little masterpiece, "L'Attaque au Moulin." nor did he more than once sum up the agony of a nation at grips with disaster with the continued force and vividness of 'La Débâcle.' His novels, in the main, are human documents which are dull for us and will be dull for posterity. They have had the great misfortune to be read for their incidental filth, and to place M. Zola, who was trying in his own way to vie with Taine and write 'The Origins of Contemporary France,' in the position of a universal purveyor of the impure. To such a misconception his preference for the baser manifestations of human nature lent only too much color.

But since the naturalistic theory went bankrupt long ago, and Zola's disciples, most of whom have gone before the master, all drifted away from him in various directions—the most faithful, Maupassant, into finer reticence and selective art; Daudet into a very personal sentimentalism; the surviving Huysmans into sheer mysticism—we may more fittingly dwell upon the novels written after he had passed fifty, and upon the heroism with which he braved all France in behalf of the forgotten martyr of Devil's Island. These later novels show a new idealism struggling to express itself in the terms of naturalism. 'Lourdes' is a vast allegory of the emotion of piety, 'Rome' of religious authority, 'Paris' of social regeneration. These books are imbued with a finer spirit than the author had previously shown. But they are still inchoate as art and intemperate as thinking. They show, however, a broad humanity, which in the still later volume, 'Fécondité,' treating of the blessing that attends fruitfulness, and the curse that falls upon barrenness, often finds grave and noble expression. It is curious to recall that Zola was working upon this great idyll at the time when his general accusation of the military cabal that condemned Alfred Dreyfus made him the most hated man in Paris. As he shaped his patriarchal dreams of marital felicity, he could hear the cries of *À bas Zola! À bas les Juifs!*

His mind had wrought inquiringly upon the evidence in the Dreyfus case, had detected a great injustice and taken fire, and the whole force of will and ferocity of temperament of the man imbedded itself upon the page that was addressed to the President of the Republic, but fell upon France and the world as the summons to do justice. This human document was conceived in hate—savage indignation at a national injustice, not compassion for Alfred Dreyfus, moved Zola; but his *j'accuse* stung an entire people, as in old days Peter the Hermit's rapt "God wills it" had called them to the holy war. Zola's deed begot hatreds that are hardly diminished to-day, and the entire episode, though it will be his worthiest memorial, shows that his temper was destructive rather than constructive. And yet since Swift there has not been a more notable instance of scorn of human nature accompanied by rare literary talent and complete personal probity. His last great work will bear the title 'Truth.' But it is doubtful if Truth ever fully takes as her own so stormy a spirit as was Émile Zola's.

PEKIN TWO YEARS AFTER THE SIEGE.

PEKIN, August 14, 1902.

Two years ago to-day, the armies of the allied Powers, hurrying to the rescue, forced their entrance into the capital of China, and relieved the hard-pressed Legations. This city was visited with fire and sword, and the old Pekin can never be itself again. Yet, to the newly arrived stranger there is little at first sight that recalls violent destruction. It is not always easy to distinguish a wall that has been battered by bullets from one that has decayed through age and neglect. The quarters of the town that were burned over have grown up again, as crowded as ever, the British Legation does not necessarily suggest any particular historical interest, and the new Peitang Cathedral seems peaceful enough until one notices the bullet holes in the organ. In the centre of centres, behind the mysterious walls of the Forbidden City, the life of the Court goes on much as of old.

Closer observation, however, aided by a few explanations, reveals many things. The traveller coming by train from Tientsin no longer has to alight outside the town and to ride five miles in a cart or sedan chair before arriving at his destination. To-day, the railway passes calmly through a breach in the wall, it skirts for some time the outer edge of the Chinese city, and then, running along below the great wall of the Tartar city, it ends at the Water Gate. The freight terminus, reached through another breach, is right by the entrance to the "Temple of Heaven." It was through a passage under the Water Gate that the British relief force made their way and thus won the glory of being the first to get to the Legations. At the station, now, order is maintained by Sikhs, while there descend from the train throngs of bustling Chinamen, and officers and soldiers of many distant lands.

Three minutes' walk from the station brings one to the Legation quarter, where one finds a state of things unique in the modern world. After the siege and the restoration of order, the representatives of the Powers had to set to work to provide for the future. In some ways they had a *tabula rasa*, for most of the region had been burned over and it was easy to expropriate land, leaving to the helpless, as well as undeserving, Chinese Government the charge of indemnifying any former owners that happened to be still alive. The ministers were thus fettered only by the instructions of their home Governments, and by the conflicting claims of their various interests. It is evident that the prevailing idea in the work of reconstruction was the likelihood of another outbreak, and the consequent necessity of providing therefor as efficiently as possible. In the reserved territory no Chinese dwellings or establishments could be allowed. All the room is in the hands of the Legations—their barracks, the post-offices, the banks, and a few stores. Each took what he wanted and could get, and those who, like the Portuguese, were too late in obtaining a share, are likely to have to live outside. One plot belongs to a hotel, yet to be built by the energetic Belgian company of the "Wagons-lits."

The limits of the district are clear enough. On one side it is bounded by the Tartar wall between two of the Great Gates, the Chien Men and the Hata Men, a stretch of some half a mile under the control of the Americans and Germans. Along the top of it there is a pleasant if rough walk, from which, especially at the two ends, one can watch the interesting life of the great city beneath. The importance of holding this piece is obvious, as it looks down upon and commands the ground below; if during the siege our soldiers, who clung to it with such obstinate bravery, had lost it, the American Legation would have become untenable immediately. Under these circumstances the Germans have fortified their end with a massive stone tower, an example our Government has not seen fit to follow; and the Germans have shown their opinion of our action or inaction by putting up a strong iron fence between their section and ours, both above and at the foot of the wall. On the other three sides the Legation quarter is marked off by a broad boulevard so that no enemy may find near cover for an attack. The end of the American barracks, however, projects beyond the general line; and the new Catholic hospital and the Methodist buildings, being in the ground that is supposed to be kept open, would probably have to be destroyed at the outbreak of hostilities. The preparations along the outer line vary according to the ideas of the different Powers holding territory. Everywhere we find high brick walls, usually with places for embrasures, and sometimes with a ditch. The German defences are evidently the most formidable, the American the least so. We also do not keep any cannon.

Inside the quarter the great lines of division are made by the broad "Legation Street," running parallel to the Tartar wall, and by the canal at right angles to it. Of all the nations, the English have the most land, as they have added to their former and already spacious grounds until they now hold over thirty acres. It must be remembered, in this connection, that, in Pekin, foreign governments have to provide not only for the offices of their ministers, but also for their homes, as well as those of the secretaries and interpreters, for the barracks of the guards, stables, etc. Thus, for perhaps the first time, an American representative abroad will live in a building belonging to the United States. Unfortunately, as yet, our new Legation is not even begun; and before it can be finished, our representatives are threatened with eviction at the hands of Korea, which has bought our present quarters. Our new barracks, on the other hand, look very satisfactory; indeed, we have land enough, if only it were not broken up into fragments by the intervening possessions of Korea, Holland, and the Russo-Chinese Bank. Our guard is a little less than one hundred and fifty men, with two officers, one of whom is also military attaché. Most of the other

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great Powers have from two hundred and fifty to three hundred men; smaller ones, like the Dutch, some half-a-dozen warriors. The Germans have twenty-six officers, in ample quarters, and much occupied with the study of Chinese. English, Americans, and Germans are dressed in khaki; the soldiers of other nationalities usually in white. As may be imagined, it is an interesting occupation to watch and compare the characteristics of the specimens of so many different armies brought here into such curiously close contact.

Both during and before the siege large districts of Pekin were burned by the Chinese themselves. Of this there is little trace to the eye of the casual visitor. The tower with painted cannon over the Chien Men has not been rebuilt, but the quarter below, which was swept by fire, shows no sign of devastation except in the fact that the shops look new and the paint fresh. The large central street running out through it, past the Temples of Heaven and of Agriculture, can hardly have been busier than now; and though we are assured that in general Pekin is cleaner than of yore, this would scarcely occur to the stranger lacking a knowledge of the past for comparison. After all that has happened, it is inconceivable that the people of at least this portion of the empire should feel anything but the deepest hostility to their victorious enemies, yet in the behavior of the inhabitants, if there has been any change, it cannot be for the worse, as there is nothing to complain of at present. Of course it is a commonplace that the Chinese know how to conceal their feelings, and they are not supposed to be a demonstrative people. Still, one cannot help being struck by the absence of open dislike. The children do not, to any extent, cry out after one in the streets, and the general appearance of the crowds is not noticeably sullen. On the contrary, their attitude might rather be taken for indifference. They do not seem to pay any great attention to the foreigner, although they have plenty to remind them of his humiliating presence. For instance, a self-respecting Chinese naturally avoids the Legation quarter, where he is liable to be treated like a coolie by any stray soldier he meets; in fact, the whole existence of this quarter must be intensely galling to the pride of a nation whose contempt for outsiders is proverbial. In the heart of the Tartar city, too, across the street leading from the Hata Men, will stand the great stone arch built by the Chinese in expiation of the murder, at this spot, of the German Minister, Baron von Ketteler. It will take more than the marvellous skill of the Chinese in useful fiction for the Government to save its "face" with the people who look at such a monument.

Of the Ministers besieged in the Legations two years ago, Mr. Conger now alone remains in Pekin. A walk under his guidance along the Tartar wall, or a visit to Mgr. Fabvier and the rebuilt Peitang Cathedral, while one listens to the stories of heroism and suffering, told in both cases without a trace of vainglory or of bitterness, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. The stirring events are still so recent, so real, their lasting effect still so uncertain, that they appeal powerfully to the imagination. The Peitang, miles away from the European quarter, is a wonderful example of an *ecclesia militans*. After standing a siege more terrible than that of the Legations, it still towers proudly aloft as the headquarters of Roman Catholic Christianity and missionary enterprise in this empire of four hundred million heathen. And the short stroll from the Hata Men to the Chien Men, along the wall now in the hands of foreigners, but from which they were fired at for weeks, except from the small bit, the key of the whole, desperately held by the Americans—it seems one of the great walks of the world. Below, on the one side is the Chinese City, with the Temple of Heaven rising in the distance; the railway is at one's feet. On the other are the Legations, where such thrilling history has just been made, now a fortified camp of Europe in Farthest Asia. Soldiers of many nations roam about the streets, and everywhere buildings are going up. A little beyond are the series of roofs covered with the imperial yellow tile, consecutive entrances into the courts of the Forbidden City, which is still closed to the profane, though not so closely since it has been desecrated by the foot of the conquering "barbarians." In every direction the great city stretches out for miles, with its trees and its temples, its countless streets and alleys, reeking with filth and swarming with the busy life of hundreds of thousands of human beings. To the north and west, twenty miles away, rise the mountains; along them the Great Wall runs for hundreds of miles its unequalled course; behind them the sun is now setting on the capital of this, the oldest and most populous, as well as the strangest empire in the world.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

FLEMISH PAINTING: PRIMITIVE AND MODERN.

BRUGES, September, 1902.

I consider it a happy chance that delayed my visit to the Exhibition of Flemish Primitives at Bruges until it is on the point of closing. Otherwise, I could not have come to it fresh from the Exhibition of Modern Art at Ghent, which did not open until the very end of August. If, as Fromentin says, all Belgium is a magnificent "art-book," to which the work of the Primitives is the preface, then the work of the men of to-day is the last chapter completed up to the present; and often a preface is best understood after the book has been read to the end.

The Exhibition at Ghent is the one which is held there by a Society of Artists every three years. This autumn, its opening had the further interest of inaugurating the new Museum built for the town by the Government and the Municipality, whose patronage of art in Belgium is something more than an empty form. Artists cannot in reason complain of authorities who appropriate money for the purchase of their pictures and lend them galleries for their exhibitions. The new building is admirably adapted to the purpose: the rooms well-proportioned, well-lighted, and decorated with a sobriety and restraint I scarcely ventured to look for in a country where the encouragement of the now almost worn-out fashion of "L'Art Nouveau" has been most active. The collection is ordered on broad international lines, but, naturally, Belgian artists are in the majority, and there could be no better opportunity for the study of modern Belgian art. For this reason, and also because I have already written of many of the pictures from foreign artists when these were shown at home, I shall say nothing of the foreign sections, except that they illustrate one of the most promising tendencies of the day: the tendency, that is, in international exhibitions, to honor, not work that bears the official hallmark, but work that reveals a distinct personality or character. At Ghent, the preference has been less for the approved Academician than for the various groups of independents—the men who belong to the New Salon in Paris, the Secession in Munich, the International Society in London. The present all but universal revolt against the academical is the more hopeful because it is leading to a general appreciation of individuality rather than to fanatical "movements" and self-conscious "schools."

When it comes to Belgian artists as they are seen at Ghent, I should say that the chief characteristic of their work is its realism. There are men, like M. Claus and M. Buysse, who accept this realism frankly; others, like M. Khnopff, who struggle against it, plunge into depths of mysticism, and—remain realists in spite of themselves. M. Claus is a painter of world-wide reputation, and his methods are well known. He has been influenced by M. Monet and French Impressionism; he seeks instinctively the more brilliant, almost brutal effects in nature, and he evidently thinks that respect for nature demands that the painter should accept her as she is. If the landscape before him compose, well and good; if not, it is not his business to make up for nature's shortcomings. One of his pictures here, "Verger en Flandres," shows at once his strength and his weakness. It is designed on a large scale, adapted to exhibition walls. In a pleasant orchard two peasants are gathering apples; the low sun shines full on their faces, and on the pink wall of a house beyond, seen between the trees. Nothing could be more uncompromising than the fierce glow of the sunlight on the autumn afternoon when the painter sat down resolutely to transfer it to his canvas, except perhaps his own attitude towards it. He has not attempted to supply the emotion which the special effect before him did not provide, nor the grace of line, the harmony of masses that did not happen to exist in this corner of the orchard. He is the impartial reporter, summing up with vigor and ability, but quite dispassionately, the facts as he sees them; and the result is a brilliant record which may astound and dazzle you by its brilliancy, but at which you can look no longer than you would at the orchard itself under the same conditions. And, as a rule, it is in just such effects, which, if the most daring, are the least emotional, that he is interested. But so conscientious is he in his realism that, if he does find himself face to face with nature in her softer moods, he softens in his turn. I have never seen a better picture by him than the much smaller "Canards au Couchant," also here, in which he is all tenderness simply because he chanced upon the tender hour when the last pale gold of evening fades from the sky, and, in all its subtle gradation, reflects itself in the quiet stream where the ducks

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are swimming homeward. I had not thought M. Claus could express sentiment so delicately.

It is the same with M. Buysse. He also aims at an accurate report; he also seems to prefer instinctively the more brilliant aspects of the country he loves, though his very accuracy at times forces him into an unlooked-for betrayal of emotion. The contrast is as striking between two of his pictures: one, of a straight stretch of tree-lined canal in a glare of sunlight, a red sail and its reflection filling the centre of the canvas with a sudden violence of color that leaves you cold and indifferent; the other, of apparently the same canal, but now silent and deserted, its waters vague and mysterious in their dim blueness under the twilight sky. To both these men, as to M. Monet, nature is sometimes kind, and lavishes upon them the beauty of composition and tone and feeling they might think it an infidelity to invent. They have many followers, to describe whose work would be but to repeat what I have just said of theirs—painters who are realists, if the word means anything at all, or who, probably, in the art slang of a few years ago, would call themselves naturalists.

M. Khnopff's realism is much less obvious, enveloped as it is in a cloak of symbolism. The subjects of his two pictures here are characteristic. In one, "L'Encens," a lady with pale draperies and paler face that you feel are charged with mysticism, holds in her long gloved hands what seems to be a sacramental vessel. In the other, "L'Isolement" (a triptych), a youth in armor, the flame and lily and bubble (M. Khnopff's favorite symbols) at his feet, stands between two vague, enigmatic figures, which, to so unmystical a person as myself, mean nothing but the more easily understood beauty of drawing and color and detail which M. Khnopff always manages to bring to his most mystical designs. And it is just because M. Khnopff cannot quite repress his joy in the actual—in the draperies, the jewels, the flowers—that his pictures have such charm. One of the most typical examples of this contradiction in him is a picture he was showing in London last spring. There were in it two divisions. The upper and larger was so overladen with symbolism that it has completely faded from my memory; the lower contained an exquisite but literal rendering of architecture and water, a bit of old Bruges, gray and sad, as impossible to forget as the little landscape seen through an open window in a picture by Memlinc. M. Khnopff, as well as M. Claus and M. Buysse, has his followers; but what I have said of him is true, in a lesser degree, of them, so that there is no need just now to examine their work separately. Indeed, the only two other Belgians who seemed to me to have something to express, beside the prevailing formulas of the day, are M. Mersens, who paints peasants and peasant life with an exaggeration of truth that borders on caricature, but with rare keenness of observation, and M. Delaunois, whose landscapes, though he travels to the "Pays Monastique" for a popular peg to hang them on, depend for their beauty on their light and atmosphere. Both of these men will do still better things—or, at least, they ought to.

It may at first seem paradoxical when I say that M. Khnopff and M. Claus, the two most representative modern Belgians conspicuous at Ghent, are in absolute sympathy with Van Eyck and Memlinc, the two most representative Primitive Flemings conspicuous at Bruges, though, because of technical conditions and passing modes, they differ so entirely in their manner of expression. Most people, struck by the difference, overlook the underlying sympathy. Certainly, the opportunity for study has been as ample at Bruges as at Ghent. A collection could not well be more exhaustive. Innumerable public and private galleries, not only in Belgium, but in England, France, Germany, and even so remote a country as Transylvania, have lent their treasures. Bruges itself, for the interval, has stripped the Museum and the old Hospital of St. John of the masterpieces that have made them famous. Perhaps the one notable omission is the "Miraculous Lamb" at Ghent, the picture by both the Van Eycks that Dürer described as "a most precious and important painting." Of it nothing is shown but the Adam and Eve panels that were separated out of prudery from the central design and long since found an asylum at Brussels. Altogether some four hundred examples of primitive art cover the walls.

I must admit that the first effect of all these "cock-eyed Madonnas" and angular saints hanging together is appalling. No pictures gain by being seen in a gallery, but those by the Primitives suffer most acutely. In their days, artists were forced to paint the same subjects, and, what is worse, to paint them in the same way. It has been argued lately by an ingenious critic that this was an advantage to them; that their imagination, instead of spending itself in the search for motives, was concentrated on the interpretation in line and color and form of a limited number of given themes. But at Bruges I was convinced—if I needed conviction—that they were hampered by the conventions imposed upon them. In every picture of genuine, and not merely historical, merit, I found passages that seemed to me so many protests against the limits set by the exacting patron. The most distinguished masters, no less than the most second-rate craftsmen, were made to paint the Virgin enthroned, Christ on the Cross, angels in glory, saints in the agony of martyrdom—in a word, the heaven and hell they had never known—when what they wanted was to paint the people about them and the country they did know. For you cannot look at their pictures and not see that they themselves were as vowed to realism as M. Claus, though they were driven into the struggle against it which M. Khnopff has accepted voluntarily. Take one after the other, beginning with the Van Eycks (though the collection begins with the still more archaic Primitives). Turn to Jan Van Eyck's altar-piece from the Bruges Museum, a Virgin and Child with saints and the donor, Canon van de Paele, grouped on either side in the approved manner of the day; Virgin and saints are but lay models, posed symmetrically, compared to that old man, kneeling piously, who no doubt had given Van Eyck all the sittings he asked for, and who could be portrayed faithfully, without idealization, and yet the painter not be reproached with coarseness and earthliness for his pains. What character in the broad, ugly face, clean-shaven, furrowed and lined, intelligent in its heaviness—a face you still see often in Belgium, even under the cap and above the blue blouse of the discontented Belgian workman! And again, what character, what beauty in the portrait of the painter's wife, with her prim head-dress and demurely folded hands! Van Eyck was most at home, not in the heavenly company to which the Church would have confined him, but with just such men and women as these. Did he ever give to any Madonna the splendor of that little group of man and wife in the London National Gallery?

The Van Eycks are comparatively few, but it will be long, if ever, before such a series by Memlinc is brought together in one gallery again. It makes you marvel the more that so great a master should have been for years forgotten, even if it explains that his greatness depends less upon the sincerity of faith, the earnestness, the mysticism, with which the Primitives are so liberally endowed by their admirers, than upon the honesty of his realism. He never seems happier, never more wholly himself, than when he escapes from the incense-laden church or shrine into the open country, if only for a momentary glimpse, as in the diptych from the Hospital of St. John, where the window beyond the kneeling donor frames a haunting little vision of green fields, winding road, and blue hills; or when he leaves his Virgin and Saints to study a human face like that which looks out at you from the amazingly painted white veil in the "Sibylla Sambetha." Had Memlinc had his way, the world would not have waited for Claude to create the art of landscape painting, or for Velasquez to make the men and women in a portrait stand upon their legs.

From Roger van der Weyden I received much the same impression. The very altar-pieces that have been praised for their emotional quality showed, I thought, something very like lassitude when compared to the alert interest manifested in three or four little portraits, the figures so well placed in the design, the observation so just and sympathetic. And so with Gerard David, a painter whose list of pictures, though hardly his reputation, is fast growing with the present trade in "attributions." Two of his most important are the well-known "Baptism of Christ" from the Bruges, and the "Blessed Virgin Surrounded by Angels" from the Rouen, Museum. It is in the first that he is most satisfactory, with its groups of the donor and the donor's two wives and children, arranged, it is true, according to the usual formula, but the character of each member of the large family so well realized, and the amusing detail of costume rendered with such obvious pleasure, that it would help you to understand, if you did not already, why these old painters were ready to make a prominent place for the donor, any and everywhere, in the very holy of holies if necessary. In the Rouen picture, the Virgin and her attendants, who fill the foreground, are overshadowed by the painter and his wife who stand respectfully behind them, but in whose faces is the breath of life. With Mabuse, also, what charm there is must be sought in his portraits, welcome relief as they are after his mannered Virgins and Saints. And I might go on through the catalogue, until the struggle for realism culminates in Peter Breughel and the picture, painted with something of humor, but something of reverence as well, of a

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Flemish Bethlehem, where little Flemish children are sliding on the ice-bound canals, and hustling Flemish villagers are busy about many things, while Mary and Joseph seek their lodgings for the night.

It is this aspect of their work that has most interested me in the exhibition of Primitives. I know there are many other ways of considering the collection. For the historian of Flemish art, it affords a chance that would have gone far to lighten the labors of Crowe and Cavalcaselle. To the scientific critic, it is a challenge which already he has accepted with enthusiasm, and pictures are changing masters with the bewildering rapidity and damaging results that make you wonder the more at the generosity of owners in lending them to exhibitions where they are exposed to such risks. But art does not depend for its value on history or science. True, the collection teaches nothing new of individual works from this standpoint. Indeed, many are not seen to such advantage as in the church or on the walls where the artist meant they should be seen—the reason why not one tells so well as the St. Ursula series on the shrine for which Memlinc designed it. But, on the other hand, certain qualities which all these painters shared, certain points upon which they differed, are emphasized, and early Flemish art, as a whole, is better understood. This is why I, at least, have come away with a heightened sense of their inborn realism, regretting the loss which the restraint put upon them has meant to the world. They would have envied, these old masters, the freedom in the choice of subject allowed to their modern successors. The real triumph of Belgian or Flemish art has been to maintain its independence in spite of the chains and claims of religion and fashion. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE ETHICS OF THE WILDERNESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue, No. 1941, is an article entitled "The Law of Forest and Mountain." The theme will no doubt be new to nearly all your readers; still, it is one deserving serious attention, suggesting, as it does, an ethical principle not commonly recognized.

My reason for addressing you is to point out a very interesting example of the same "law" that came to notice in Sweden, where I travelled a good deal previous to 1882, and found that in railway restaurants, on passenger steamers and elsewhere, there were no means of checking customers, who were taken at their word altogether. On the steamers that ply in the Göta Canal, between Gothenburg and Stockholm, there were placed in the cabins books for the use of the passengers, each of whom selected a page and kept his own accounts for food and refreshments. At the end of the journey, which required about three days, the "mam'selle" in charge took this book and settled with the passengers on their own reckoning.

I mention this as one example. There were many more that could be named. I have discussed the subject with different people in Sweden, asking if they did not fear being cheated. The answer was, "Oh, no! Why should they want to cheat?" Here comes the problem: Are people honest by law or honest by nature? And will people in an honest environment lose their propensity to steal and cheat? In Sweden at that day no one thought of being cheated, and the greatest rogue, once there and having caught the spirit of honesty, as it were, never thought of acting otherwise than honestly. I have lived there, know the language and customs, and shall never forget that, in coming away, as soon as I had landed in another country the horrid idea and care of "bargaining" began. It was like Christian assuming anew his load that had fallen away during the Swedish sojourn. This "law of the forest" is a neglected factor in our natures, and indicates a white spot amidst the enveloping black-wash of modern customs. Let us hope you will return to the theme.

J. Richards.

Sansalito, Cal., September 17, 1902.

ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My memory confirms the statement of Colonel Burt (*Nation*, No. 1942, p. 225) that Ellsworth's Zouaves were known as the Fire Zouaves, while Wilson's Zouaves did not have that designation. I think the contemporary New York papers will show that Ellsworth's regiment was more commonly referred to as the Fire Zouaves than anything else until after Ellsworth's tragic death, when, because of that, his name became more constantly associated with the regiment.

Fox's 'Regimental Losses in the Civil War' twice refers to the Eleventh New York under the alternative designation of Fire Zouaves (pp. 477, 481). Tenney's 'Military and Naval History of the Rebellion' (Appleton, 1865) thus refers to Ellsworth's death: "The only disastrous event occurring was the death of Col. Ellsworth, commander of the Fire Zouave regiment of New York."

A detailed account of the origin of the name is given in Nicolay's 'Outbreak of the Rebellion' (pp. 112, 113):

"Then came Sumter and the call for volunteers, and Ellsworth saw his opportunity. Hastening to the city of New York, he called together and harangued the fire companies of the metropolis; in three days he had 2,200 names inscribed on his recruiting lists. Out of these he carefully selected a regiment of 1,100 men, who chose him their colonel."

Very respectfully yours,

James J. Dow.

Faribault, September 20, 1902.

QUESTIONING SUSPECTED CRIMINALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of August 28, Margaret Irving Hamilton condemns the practice of police officers in questioning persons who are suspected of crime, for the reason that the Constitution provides that no person shall be obliged to criminate himself.

It would seem to be more to the purpose to protest against this absurd Constitutional provision, which is a relic of a barbarous age. It is a protection to rogues only. Any honest person will be glad to answer all questions which will be helpful in discovering criminals. There is no good reason why a person suspected of crime should not be required by law to explain all suspicious circumstances. It is only in courts that the failure of an accused person to deny the charge against him raises no presumption against his innocence. It is everywhere else good evidence of guilt.

Respectfully yours,

Frank W. Proctor.

Fairhaven, Mass., September 22, 1902.

PAULSEN'S MISREPRESENTATIONS OF KANT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A reviewer in your issue of September 11 points out certain errors of exegesis in Paulsen's highly readable but occasionally misleading volume on Kant. It is perhaps worth while to improve the occasion, in the interest of historical accuracy, by calling attention to another rather serious misrepresentation in the same volume, upon a point of some consequence.

Professor Paulsen treats the essay 'On the Possibility of Introducing the Notion of Negative Magnitude into Philosophy' as one of the more significant of Kant's so-called "pre-critical" writings; but he contrives, in his exposition of it, to attribute to Kant a doctrine which is pretty precisely the opposite to the doctrine which the essay really sets forth. In this essay, says Paulsen (Tr., p. 83),

"one sees that Kant has abandoned the rationalistic method of equating conceptual and actual reality. No contradiction can obtain between realities, Baumgarten teaches; *ergo omnes realitates sunt in ente compossibiles*. Yes, says Kant, that holds in the realm of concepts. It is different, however, in the world of actual fact. Here it may very well happen that two positive determinations exclude each other, as when they are related as positive and negative magnitudes in mathematics."

From this one would certainly gather that, in the essay in question, Kant had controverted Baumgarten's maxim, and had maintained that "in the world of actual fact" contradictions may obtain between realities. In point of fact, however, the essay nowhere asserts that what is necessarily true in the realm of concepts can be false in the world of facts: it repeatedly declares that nothing that is self-contradictory can be real; and it consistently adheres to the Leibnitzian principle of "compossibility"—*i. e.*, the principle that reality must be free from logical inconsistency.

Kant is endeavoring to introduce, beside the notion of logical opposition (*i. e.*, contradiction), the notion of a sort of "real" or dynamic opposition (*Realentgegensetzung*). A simple concrete instance of the latter is the case where A owes B ten dollars, and B owes A the same. In such a case, the debt of either equals zero; but this zero is not merely negative—it is the result of the existence of two very positive facts, and of a certain relation of reciprocality between them. This sort of *Entgegensetzung*, which strikes Kant as having a peculiar logical interest, is obviously both possible and frequently actual; but, Kant constantly insists, it is possible only because it does not in any sense involve logical contradiction. "Es kann eine der opponirten Bestimmungen bei einer Real-

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entgegensetzung nicht das contradictorische Gegentheil der anderen sein; denn alsdann wäre der Widerstreit logisch, und, wie oben gewiesen worden, unmöglich."

The point is worth noting, because it brings out the fact—which Paulsen seems to overlook throughout—that, so far as the principle of contradiction is concerned, Kant never "abandoned the rationalistic method of equating conceptual and actual reality." At the beginning and at the end of his career, he remained sure that we know, in advance of experience, at least one important truth about all real entities, even about things-in-themselves; namely, that they cannot involve contradiction, either of one another or of the facts of sense-experience. It is true that Kant did not very clearly understand just what he meant by the principle of contradiction; and he therefore failed to see that, by admitting its validity as a criterion of the nature of reality, he had left open a door for a vast amount of possible metaphysical construction. But to the principle in the abstract, he remained always loyal. He was here, at least, wholly a man of the eighteenth-century enlightenment; he had no sympathy with the romanticist's love of paradox, and would hardly have subscribed to Goethe's sentiment:

"Wo die Widersprüche schwirren
Ich mag am liebsten wandern."

Least of all would he have sympathized with that modern combination of agnosticism with realism in metaphysics, which declares that we must conceive to be real that which we have previously declared not to be logically conceivable at all. Professor Paulsen's exposition, however, would, I think, lead the unsuspecting reader to suppose just the contrary of all this.—I am,

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS,
September 23, 1902.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What commentators I can find on Hamlet's most notable soliloquy seem to regard suicide as its theme. I would suggest, however, that the speech beginning "To be, or not to be" is not concerned as a whole with a contemplation or consideration of suicide.

When last on the stage, Hamlet had shown impatience with himself as a coward, or at least lacking "gall to make oppression bitter." The pretext of using the play to make sure of his "father's foul and most unnatural murther" has not altogether reconciled Hamlet to his procrastination. And now, in the third act, he comes on still chafing at his own irresolution, rather than in a contemplative mood. "Is my enterprise ever to be, or *not?* Is it nobler to endure this disgraceful situation, or, facing about on the flood-tide of my own and the time's troubles, to be overwhelmed in at any rate opposing it?" The sarcastic "nobler" implies Hamlet's answer to the question. He is for the moment, I think, viewing his death in the attempt to "set right the time" as practically assured, just as drowning would be certain were he to turn and rush upon the rising tide. How can the idea of suicide be made out of "take arms . . . end them"? Is there any point in "by *opposing* end them," unless it implies ending one's life in manfully meeting, not running away from, the swelling flood of evil?

After this opening burst of impatience at his irresolution, Hamlet passes, as frequently (*e. g.*, i. 4, "The King doth . . . take his rouse . . . a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance"), from a present, particular matter to a general reflection. The prospect of his own death in the adventure laid upon him by "cursed spite" suggests a consideration of death in general. His impatient tone dies down into reverie. "Death is only a sleep, and it ends a thousand sufferings. But if that sleep has dreams? Yes; if it were not for that thought, how many men in trouble of love or law or anything would end it even by self-slaughter! But all men shrink from death and the unknown ills of negation. And so, such fearful enterprises as mine, many of great pith and moment, may lose, even in hands of native resolution, the name of effected action." Here suicide, only incidentally and only objectively, does enter momentarily into the course of Hamlet's meditation, not as a recourse for himself, but as a general possibility. "The native hue of resolution" and "enterprises . . . moment" have surely nothing to do with suicide, either for Hamlet or anybody. He comes back at this point to his subject proper, the danger of his enterprise—to what he calls his "craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event." Hamlet, brave as he really is, has a delicate conscience, which blanches his "native hue." The danger of the event is heightened for him by the sense of his own unworthiness, by uncertainty as to fundamental principles of right and wrong, by conscience that "makes cowards of us all."

Yours very truly,

W. F. TAMBLYN.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY, LONDON, ONT.,
September 20, 1902.

Notes.

Still further publications by Messrs. Scribner are 'Through Hidden Shensi,' by Francis H. Nichols, and 'Cross Country with Horse and Hound,' by Frank Sherman Peer.

'Pictorial Scotland and Ireland,' illustrated, and 'Lays for Little Chaps,' by Alfred J. Waterhouse, are in the press of the New Amsterdam Co.

William R. Jenkins will publish directly a 'Comprehensive French-English Dictionary.'

The next volume of the "Oxford History of Music" to be issued will be 'The Music of the Seventeenth Century,' by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, and this may be expected immediately from Henry Frowde.

The season of reprints has set in, and a high standard is raised in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s revised and enlarged edition of Mrs. Alice Mabel Bacon's classic 'Japanese Girls and Women.' The additions are considerable, being two chapters or 64 pages. The interest of that entitled "Within the Home" culminates in the account of the burdensome funeral rites. "Ten Years of Progress" deals with the movement for the advancement of women—in education at home, in study and travel abroad; Japan being to-day in this respect "where England and America were in the first half of the nineteenth century." A revolutionary book by the late eminent reformer, Fukuzawa, in refutation of Kaibara's 'Great Learning of Women,' is summarized in this chapter. The illustrations, by a native artist, Keishū Takenouchi, some in color, are a capital adornment to this instructive volume. The frontispiece shows us a "cherry-viewing."

Little, Brown & Co. find in illustrations by Henry Sandham a pretext for reissuing Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's 'Glimpses of California and the Missions.' These drawings are of both scenery and people, and certainly enhance the reader's interest in the narrative.

Macmillan's new Thackeray proceeds with the 'Paris Sketch-Book' and 'The Irish Sketch-Book' in one volume, with the writer's own illustrations, including a caricature of O'Connell as Lord Mayor.

Though Helen M. Winslow, in compiling her 'Literary Boston of To-day' (L. C. Page & Co.), takes leave in her dedication to rate herself "a small fraction" of that Boston, she does not actually celebrate herself in the succeeding biographical sketches. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's portrait serving as frontispiece is a frank reminder that a large and the weightiest part of the "Literary Boston of To-day" is the "Literary Boston of Yesterday." The face of the new editor of the *Atlantic*, Mr. Bliss Perry, fitly closes this portrait gallery, of which the text is written with sobriety if (as a matter of course) "genially" and in the journalistic vein.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead's book on 'Milton's England' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.) shows a pleasant commingling of literary and antiquarian interests, with just a flavor of the summer holiday. It may be commended as a satisfactory pilgrim's guide-book to the places in which Milton lived; and its picture of the life of his time will practically assist the imagination of the tourist who has not made a special study of that period. Mrs. Mead also takes note, in passing, of the local associations connecting some of the towns and buildings she describes with famous Americans, such as Penn, Franklin, and Roger Williams. The illustrations, which are mainly reproduced from old engravings, represent many churches and houses as Milton must have seen them.

When the publishers of Esther Singleton's 'London, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) announce that it "will appeal to the thoughtful reader as well as to the tourist," they draw a distinction which is not flattering to those of our compatriots who crowd the Atlantic steamers every summer. But a book which lays under tribute the work of such a variety of writers as Charles Dickens, G. W. Steevens, Augustus Hare, Charles Lamb, Théophile Gautier, Austin Dobson, and Washington Irving might safely challenge the attention of many more than two classes. It is arranged topographically: after a few chapters on London as a whole, we begin at the docks and work our way westward as far as a charitable bazaar in the Albert Hall. Perhaps this order was better than the chronological, but such transitions as that from Justin McCarthy to Leigh Hunt are somewhat

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jerky. Even a flying leap from the Monument to Whitehall would scarcely have put a greater strain upon the imagination. Whatever the arrangement, the extracts should certainly have been dated, for it is important to know, in the case of any particular article, whether it is the London of the Crimean War or of the Diamond Jubilee that one is reading about. Except for this oversight, the compilation has been well made. The photographs with which it is accompanied are excellent.

A reader for school use has been compiled by Katharine Lee Bates and Katharine Coman under the title, 'English History Told by English Poets' (Macmillan). These editors frankly admit that to save the incident—or stage of national evolution and reform—they have had to compromise sometimes on indifferent poetry; but in such cases it is hard to see why there is any gain over the prose item which precedes each piece and fixes the chronology. William Morris's "poet's dream," "The Day is Coming," introduced towards the end, is scarcely in place in an historical selection. James Lincoln's closing sonnet, "England," might well have been supplemented by Professor Woodberry's better yet kindred Gibraltar sonnets.

J. C. L. Clark, Lancaster, Mass., publishes a little book, 'The Alcotts in Harvard,' written by Annie M. L. Clark. It does not contain much in substantial addition to its avowed sources, Sanborn's 'Life of Alcott,' Mrs. Cheney's 'Life of Louisa M. Alcott,' and Miss Alcott's 'Transcendental Wild Oats.' The last-named account of Fruitlands was so delightfully absurd that Mrs. Clark's is bound to suffer in comparison. But to her written sources she adds a modicum of personal recollection touching the Alcotts after they had left Fruitlands for the house called "Brick-Ends" in the village of Still River, one of the several parts into which the township of Harvard is divided. The author's tone is the now hackneyed one of depreciation of Mr. Alcott, and sympathy with his much-enduring wife and children. But that was not all failure which bore such fruit as Alcott's comment on his Harvard experiment: "That is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is ever growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures—that is success whatever it seems to the world." Young people who delight in Miss Alcott's stories will be grateful for the facsimile of her rollicking letter of 1844. Several photographs are Mrs. Clark's best excuse for the publication of her brochure. That of the house at Fruitlands shows it to have been bare and ugly to a degree that could not be surpassed.

From the press of Macmillan & Co. we have received a volume of attractive appearance, dealing with the 'Experimental Study of Gases.' The author, Prof. Morris W. Travers, has been associated with Professor Ramsay in the investigation of argon and the other gases of the helium group, and is thus eminently qualified for the task which he has undertaken. As a complete treatment of the subject would demand more than a single volume, Professor Travers has confined himself to descriptions of such methods as may find application in research, and of investigations which involve new principles or lead to important results. The methods developed during the study of the gases of the helium group naturally occupy a considerable portion of the book, and the description of the apparatus employed—sometimes omitted from the original papers—is fully given.

The first part of the chemistry volume in the first annual issue of the International Catalogue of Scientific Literature, published by the Royal Society, contains an author-catalogue of 112 pages, a subject-catalogue of 284 pages, and a 17-page index to organic substances. The scheme of the International Catalogue, we may remind our readers, is the development of three international conferences. It involves the publication of seventeen annual volumes covering the literature of as many branches of science, under the immediate responsibility of an international council, with the coöperation of regional bureaus, twenty-nine of which are already established. The details of classification, cross-references, etc., have been worked out with admirable success. The prompt and complete cataloguing of scientific literature which is thus assured will be of inestimable value to scientific research. At present, financial considerations restrict the number of subject-entries, and forbid the issue of a card catalogue as originally contemplated. This is a pity, and it is to be hoped that the necessary funds may be speedily provided. It would seem to be an object which might properly be cared for by the Carnegie Research Fund. The only criticism of the work we have to make, is the repetition of the schedule of classification, and the index in four languages. In a publication of this character this seems quite unnecessary.

A 'Dictionary of Dyes, Mordants, and other Compounds used in Dyeing and Calico Printing' is published by Griffin of London and Lippincott of Philadelphia. The authors are Christopher Rawson, Walter M. Gardner, and W. F. Laycock, who have prepared it as a companion volume to 'A Manual of Dyeing' issued by the same publishers. The 372 double-column pages of rather small type contain a general description of the many substances employed in dyeing, with their properties and uses and the methods for their examination and assay. Some of the longer articles, with the number of pages given to each, are: Cotton 9, Silk 5, Wool 11, Indigo 30, Logwood 5, Madder 5, Soap 12, Analysis of Textile Fabrics 6, Action of Light on Dyes 10, Water 12, Analysis and Recognition of the Coal-Tar Colors 13. The task which the authors set themselves appears to have been performed carefully and creditably, and the book will be an acceptable reference volume to all engaged or interested in the industry of dyeing.

The Commercial Press, Bombay, has published a curious and interesting volume of 352 pages on 'Reporters and Reporting,' by an Indian admirer of Sir Isaac Pitman, whose portrait faces the titlepage. Mr. D. E. Wacha, the well-known Parsee publicist, at present Chairman of the Bombay municipality, contributes a preface (one-fifth of the volume) on the requirements of effective reporting, and the dignity of the profession. The bulk of the work is made up of extracts—grave and gay—from various authors bearing upon the subject. To those not engaged in reporting, the volume will be found amusing as a collection of anecdotes upon the subject treated.

"The largest and most varied body of Irish Folk Music in existence was gradually got together by George Petrie, the famous Irish antiquary, with whom its collection had been a passion from his seventeenth till after his seventieth year." The entire collection numbered about 1,800 airs. Only about one-tenth part of these had seen the light at the period of Petrie's decease in 1866. The Irish Literary Society of London has undertaken their publication, and Part I., containing 500 airs, edited by C. V. Stanford, has just been issued by Boosey & Co., London and New York. It will be welcomed by all lovers of Irish music.

Lovers of Dante may be glad to have their attention called to a series of reproductions from paintings, bronzes, and masks, accompanying the article by Dr. Ingo Krauss on "Das Dantebildniss vom Beginn des Quattrocento bis Raphael," in *Monatsberichte über Kunstwissenschaft*, Heft 9.

Municipal socialism, according to Mr. H. D. Lloyd's account in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, has reached its highest development in New Zealand. Its success is, in his opinion, complete. Here is "the most homogeneous, the most compact, the most energetic, and the most manageable democracy in the world." The picture of the economic conditions, however, must be received with caution. Take, for instance, this assertion that, of a loan of fifteen million dollars made in 1893, "not one dollar of principal or interest remains unpaid." This is Mr. Lloyd's only reference to the public debt of the colony, which amounts to the enormous sum of $320 per head of population, or relatively more than twenty times as great as our national and State debts combined, and far greater than the public debt per head of Great Britain, France, or Italy. The debt has increased twenty-five million dollars in the last five years, while the increase of the population has been only 69,359. The fact is, that the growth of municipal socialism, as the experience of England also shows, means an alarming addition to the public indebtedness. Brief abstracts are given of the papers read at the recent meeting of the American Forestry Association at Lansing, Mich.

A letter from Washington to Geo. Wm. Fairfax, dated September 29, 1763, is the most interesting of the historical manuscripts printed in the Boston Public Library Bulletin for September. It is mainly a request that Fairfax would sign certain articles in case he had examined "our Mississipi [*sic*] Scheme," and is "Inclined to be an adventurer." There are also letters from business houses in London to John Hancock, in 1770, which throw light on the foreign trade of that day and the difficulties attending it; and a long letter from the Rev. Isaac Backus, giving some account of the religious conditions of New England in 1764.

—The October *Century* has a few pages of highly interesting recollections of American poets, by Wyatt Eaton, who, after returning from his studies in France, made portraits for the *Century* of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, and Holland. Bryant came to his studio on Monday mornings, walking from there to the *Evening Post* building, forty or fifty blocks away, when the sitting was over. The artist found his presence so overpow-

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ering that he was obliged to have a friend present to engage him in conversation. The two were not adapted to sympathetic companionship; as the artist says, "I felt myself as much a stranger to him at the end of the sittings as at the time of my first meeting him." With Longfellow, he felt the necessity of a certain reserve, fearing, for instance, to take off his coat while at work, although the weather was excessively hot. While Bryant seemed old, even two or three hundred years, Longfellow gave him the constant impression of youth. Whittier was rather hard to approach, and wished Eaton to make his portrait from an exceptionally bad photograph, almost unrecognizable. The poet himself seemed to possess at the start "a general look of commonplaceness and lack of character," but he improved on acquaintance, and the sittings became quite enjoyable. Emerson was rather indifferent at first, and hurried the artist along. "You must get through with this work as quickly as possible, for I am very old; I have but a little longer to live, and so much to do." As the work proceeded, however, Emerson became so talkative and interesting that progress was practically impossible without the presence of some third party. A short sketch of the artist and his work, by Charlotte Eaton, precedes the recollections, and his portrait, from one of his own drawings, comes at the close. The notorious Mr. Dowie of Zion City is "analyzed and classified" by Dr. Buckley, who finds him most probably first a sincere Christian, and then a fanatic, making extravagant claims which he himself believed, and driven by failures into sophisticating his reason and conscience in search of explanations for these failures. Lured by self-confidence and ambition into schemes requiring large sums of money, he found it necessary to manipulate men; and his natural shrewdness soon developed into cunning. Intoxicated by prosperity in these schemes he has actually come to regard himself as the special messenger of God. John Swain gives a study of Dowie and his work from another point of view, indicated by the title, "The Prophet and his Profits."

—The almost simultaneous publication of the second and fourth volumes of the "Indo-Iranian Series" draws especial attention to this meritorious undertaking on the part of Columbia University. The general editor of the series, Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, has in preparation volume i., 'A Sanskrit Grammar for Beginners,' and Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, jr., according to the announcement made by the Columbia University Press, will shortly bring out his completed 'Bibliography of the Sanskrit Drama,' some chapters of which, as preparatory studies, have already appeared in the *American Oriental Journal*. The latter scholar has now published, as the fourth volume of the series, an 'Index Verborum of the Fragments of the Avesta' (1901), a complete and useful contribution, which will be appreciated by all specialists in this department of research. Volume ii., which has just appeared (1902), is also a technical work, but more ambitious in design, being an 'Indo-Iranian Phonology' (with special reference to the middle and new Indo-Iranian languages). The author, Dr. Louis H. Gray, has devoted himself for some years to the collection of material, which has been so sifted in the pages of this book as to show at a glance which phonetic changes occurring in Indian dialects have their counterpart in Iran, and which are peculiar to only one of the two groups of languages.

—As will be seen by the Sanskrit and Iranian scholar, the chief contribution made by this book is in the phonology of the middle and the new dialects, which hitherto have not received their due share of attention in this regard. And as this is the chief contribution, so it is the main aim of Dr. Gray "to prove that the later Indo-Iranian dialects are still closely akin, and have had in many cases analogous developments." Previous works have been freely drawn upon, but with due citation of authority. The body of material here presented is of the utmost value to the Indo-Iranian phonologist, but it has also a wider importance. The general student of Aryan phonetics cannot but be impressed with the numerous analogies between the changes here recorded and those in other related fields, some of which, such as the loss of an internal *g* in Indian and Iranian compared with ἐγών = Bœotian ἰών, Latin *regem*, Old French *rei*, are widespread. Under section 360, where the change of *l* to *n* is recorded, it might have been said that, when initial, this change is almost universal. Throughout India to-day every gamin who has heard of Lucknow calls it Nuklo. Dr. Gray's volume certainly augurs well for the scholarly tone of the new series, which will apparently be a worthy rival of the earlier Harvard Oriental Series.

—'Historical Sources in Schools' (Macmillan) is a painstaking and valuable report which has been prepared by a select committee and submitted to the New England History Teachers' Association. The Chairman of the committee, Prof. C. D. Hazen, and his four colleagues have regarded their function seriously, and, like other members of similar committees, deserve warm thanks for labor gladly given to help forward the good cause of teaching. There are two things which this volume shows very clearly, to wit, the widespread acceptance of the view that history should be studied, even at an early stage, from original materials; and, secondly, the existence of a considerable apparatus which has been called into being with the purpose of making sources available. The old way of teaching the beginner from a text-book, and from a text-book exclusively, was doubtless bad. The new gospel, that documents should be brought upon the scene without delay, supplies an admirable stimulus, but may in practice be carried too far. Teachers of history everywhere are trying to hit the golden mean between the desiccated exactness of an epitome and the somewhat desultory attractiveness of sources. A volume like the present report has the merit of showing how things stand. After a general dissertation on the usefulness of sources, a series of annotated bibliographies is furnished. The design is practical, and so the lists cover those fields of history which are most often taken up in American schools. Thus, ancient history, mediæval and modern European history, English history, and American history are singled out from all other departments of the subject. Of course numerous subdivisions are made, and in each case the great movements and periods are accentuated. An account is given of the sources most suitable for the use of beginners, and of the best excerpts from sources which can now be had in English. On the whole, the bibliographies are better than the critical notes. Of the latter, a few are too long according to the scale of the volume, while others are thin. Narrow limits of space deprive some of the bibliographies of their proper value—for instance, that on the Church in the Middle Ages. But the shortcomings of this report are slight when compared with the carefulness of its bibliographies and its judicious division of subject-matter. It is one of the best gifts which have been offered by college professors to teachers in the preparatory schools. Besides the Chairman, the committee consisted of E. G. Bourne, Sarah M. Dean, Max Farrand, and Albert Bushnell Hart.

—Mr. John Phin's 'Shakespeare Cyclopædia and New Glossary' (New York: Industrial Publication Co.) is meant to provide the possessor of any copy of Shakspere's text with a body of comment and exposition, alphabetically arranged, that shall serve the purposes of an annotated edition and something more. It is addressed, we are told, "to the ordinary reader rather than the profound Shakesperean scholar," and the suggestion is made that this fact "will excuse many features which might otherwise appear puerile in a work of this character." The alphabet includes words needing definition, names of *dramatis personæ*, mythological and historical characters, and so on. The explanations are for the most part compiled from accepted sources, with due credit to the authorities utilized. A great deal of valuable material is thus made accessible in moderate compass and, at small expense. It is easy to find errors, but to enumerate those that we have observed would give a wrong idea of the book. For, when all deductions have been made, there can be no doubt that Mr. Phin's volume stands the only test that can justly be applied to it. It is a handy compendium of useful knowledge for the kind of "ordinary reader" that he has in mind. We ought to add, however, a word of caution: Mr. Phin must not be regarded as an "authority," either in linguistics or in textual criticism; when he is most original the reader should be least credulous. Finally, we must protest against the extraordinary tone in which he speaks of Schmidt and Steevens, neither of whom he can abide.

—There died in Bremen on August 26, in his eightieth year, Otto Gildemeister, a writer of varied talents and great eminence, esteemed the foremost daily journalist in Germany and the first among poetic translators. His university life had no bread-and-butter aim, and he dropped naturally, on graduation, into the service of a new paper, the *Weser-Zeitung*, of which he quickly became chief editor. His two articles per week amounted in the gross to some 5,700. They were written in a clear hand with few erasures, from a mind that knew its own thought, and in independent advocacy of liberal principles regardless of the opinion of the mob. When his townsman, Dr. Barth, founded the Berlin *Nation*, Gildemeister wrote for it also in friendliest sympathy under the signature of "Giotto" (his anagram for Otto Gi—). Gildemeister was a free-trader before the days of the

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Anti-Corn Law League across the sea, and therefore (rightly says his biographer) a German Federalist and Constitutionalist. His political preoccupation consisted further in his having been called to the Bremen Senate, first as secretary, and then as Senator, and by that body he was at forty-eight made burgomaster. His congenial rôle was that of a minister of finance. But public affairs could not absorb him wholly. Though he strayed as seldom from Bremen as Kant from Königsberg, he reached out into foreign literatures, and, suppressing every temptation to become a poet on his own account, he translated with marvellous skill and fidelity Byron, Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' Dante's 'Inferno,' and Shakspere's Sonnets. Of the others we cannot speak, but his version of the Sonnets is masterly. These translations will keep his memory green. His editorial writing must needs undergo the fate of its kind; and his two volumes of Essays will no doubt cease to be read, though Bamberger pronounced him the most eminent of German prose-writers. But it must be long before equal gifts of expression in such opposite lines as journalism and poetry will recur, even in men devoid of the political capacity which ensured to Gildemeister the highest local usefulness and distinction.

THREE "BACONIAN" BOOKS.

Francis Bacon our Shake-speare. By Edwin Reed. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.

Bacon and Shake-speare Parallelisms. By Edwin Reed. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed.

Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light. By Robert M. Theobald. London: Sampson Low; New York: Scribners.

It is a pity that the term "Baconian" has come to be used in so limited a sense. "A Baconian," one would think, ought to supnify either a disciple of Bacon, an adept in his inductive method, or, if there are no such adepts, a scholar well versed in Bacon's works, literary and philosophical. Yet nowadays the word designates, in common parlance, a person who holds that the dramas which have always passed as William Shakspere's were actually written by Francis Bacon, and it carries no implication of familiarity with Bacon's acknowledged writings or of skill in expounding his doctrines.

The discussion of the "Baconian hypothesis" appears to us, as facts now stand, a pretty barren debate. Neither party can convince the other, and the world at large takes—and must take—but a languid interest in the dispute, so long as most Shaksperean scholars refuse to engage in it at all. It is not our purpose, then, to thresh out the whole subject of this hypothesis; for we do not agree with Mr. Reed that "determination of authorship is a condition precedent to the comprehension of the Shakespearean dramas." Nor should we find it necessary to do more than chronicle the publication of his two books, and characterize them briefly, were it not for the fourth chapter in 'Francis Bacon our Shake-speare.' This is entitled "The Place of the Shake-speare Dramas in Bacon's System of Philosophy." It exhibits Mr. Reed in the rôle of an expounder of Bacon's acknowledged works, and reaches the startling conclusion (on the basis, mainly, of Bacon's own words) *that the Shaksperean dramas embody Bacon's moral and political philosophy, and constitute the missing Fourth Part of the 'Instauratio Magna.'* Here is a definite proposition, capable of being discussed, and also of being settled, since the evidence is not only abundant, but uncommonly free from the circumstantial and the ambiguous. The question thus raised is also a matter of some consequence, both from the literary and from the philosophical point of view. It is not a mere "determination of authorship"; it involves the whole plan of Bacon's philosophical fabric, as well as his ability or inability to express himself in intelligible language. Incidentally, it gives us a chance to appraise Mr. Reed's knowledge and comprehension of Bacon. This last point is of some interest, since it has often been asserted that most Baconians, however well versed they may be in Shakspere, know no Bacon to speak of.

It is essential to Mr. Reed's contention with regard to Part IV. of the 'Instauratio' to prove that Bacon set forth a great body of philosophy in cryptic or enigmatic form. He sees an avowal of such an intention in the 'De Augmentis' (vi. 2), where Bacon speaks of the "acroamatic" method of delivery. This passage, however, Mr. Reed misinterprets in a surprising way. It is, in fact, simply descriptive and critical, and contains no suggestion of any purpose on Bacon's part to follow the example of acroamatic teachers. Again, what Mr. Reed calls "Bacon's own description in general terms of one of the two methods, the secret one, adopted by him for communicating his philosophy to the public," is contained in a well-known passage of the 'Temporis Partus Masculus,' a tentative, cancelled sketch, superseded by the publication of the 'Instauratio' and not usable as evidence of Bacon's purposes when the latter work was written. Further, the 'Partus Masculus' is not a treatise on moral or political philosophy. It deals almost entirely with natural science. Even if it should appear, then, that the passage in question is an avowal of Bacon's intention to set forth philosophy in enigmas—and we do not think it bears that meaning—such an avowal would not help Mr. Reed's contention, but rather hinder it. For Mr. Reed does not hold that Bacon used a cryptic method in setting forth natural philosophy. His whole argument requires, on the contrary, that this practice should have been confined to moral and political writings. The 'Temporis Partus,' then, is out of the case. We need not dwell further on this particular part of the subject, since, as we shall see in a moment, such discussion is made unnecessary by what follows. We may come then, without longer parley, to the main question: *Was the Fourth Part of Bacon's great Latin philosophical work a collection of English plays?*

Bacon prefixed to the 'Instauratio Magna,' as printed in 1620, a "Plan of the Work" *(Distributio Operis)*, which gives a clear account of the contents. The work, as there laid out, is to consist of six Parts, of which we are here concerned with the Second, Third, and Fourth. To the Second Part (the 'Novum Organum') is consigned "instruction in a better and more perfect use of the reason *in rerum inquisitione*, and in the true aids of the intellect, that by this means (as far as the condition of mortality and humanity allows) the intellect may be made efficient *(exaltetur)* and furnished with ample ability *(facultate amplificetur)* to overcome the difficulties and obscurities of nature." This art, Bacon adds, is "a kind of logic," which he then proceeds to distinguish from syllogistic reasoning and from ordinary induction. The Second Part is unfinished, so that the account of the new induction is incomplete. The important place which *tabular arrangement* occupies in Bacon's method, however, is plain enough. The method is illustrated by an unfinished treatment of Heat, which includes four tables *(tabulæ)*, with an explanation of their use, and mentions others that are to be constructed. These facts are of much significance in the present inquiry.

The Third Part of the 'Instauratio' is to consist in a "Natural and Experimental History"—an account of the "phenomena of the universe," comprising a history of the heavenly bodies and of minerals, plants, and animals, with experiments; as also "experiments of the mechanic arts," etc., and a treatment of such "cardinal virtues" in nature as dense and rare, hot and cold, and several others. No portion of this Part is present in the work as published in 1620, but a considerable body of materials for it was afterwards issued.

The Fourth Part of the 'Instauratio'—and this it is particularly important to mark—is devoted to "setting forth examples of inquiry and discovery *(exempla inquirendi et inveniendi)* according to my method [that is, of course, the new induction], exhibited in some subjects, taking especially the subjects which are both most noteworthy *(nobilissima)* among those which are under inquiry and most various, so that there may be an example in every kind." These examples are to be different from those already used to illustrate the precepts and rules of the new induction in Part II.; they are to be "types and models, which shall, as it were, set before the eye the entire process of the mind and the continuous structure and order of discovery *(inveniendi)* in certain definite subjects, and those various and remarkable." Thus the Fourth Part is, adds Bacon, "nothing else in fact but a particular and fully developed application *(applicatio particularis et explicata)* of Part II." *(i. e.,* of the 'Novum Organum').

The meaning of all this is clear. Part II. is to contain an explanation of Bacon's method of induction; Part III. a complete collection of material derived from a study of Nature in the widest sense of the word, with accompanying experiments; Part IV. a number of examples of the application of the new induction to select subjects, drawn, in all probability, from the materials collected in Part III. The character of Part IV. is further vouched for by a passage in the 'Novum Organum' (i. 102), in which Bacon, still speaking of the investigation of Nature, says that the "particulars" are so numerous and dispersed that little can be accomplished unless such of them "as pertain to the subject of inquiry shall, by means of Tables of Discovery *(tabulæ inveniendi)*, apt, well arranged, and as it were animate, be drawn up and coördinated; and the mind

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be set to work upon the duly prepared and digested aids which these tables supply." This significant passage is practically suppressed by Mr. Reed.* It is, in truth, fatal to his theory of Part IV., especially when taken in connection with another passage in the 'Novum Organum' (i. 117), in which these same "tables of discovery" are spoken of as "composing the Fourth Part of the Instauratio," and are mentioned in the same close connection with the investigation of Nature which we have observed in the passage just quoted. This decisive piece of testimony is ignored by Mr. Reed.

Appropriately enough, the Fourth Part was to be known as *Scala Intellectus*, "The Ladder of the Understanding." Only the preface is extant, but this alone suffices to show what the contents were to be, even if that had not already been abundantly explained in the *Distributio Operis* and the 'Novum Organum.' "It is my design," so runs the Preface, "here [*i. e.*, in Part IV.] to set forth and describe examples of true and legitimate inquiry into things for a variety of subjects (as in the Second Book [*i. e.*, the 'Novum Organum'] I have set forth and described the precepts of such investigation)†, and that in the form which I regard as most consistent with the truth and which I teach (*tradimus*) as tested and chosen" (*i. e.*, in the form of the new induction). This passage, which again asserts the close connection between the Second and the Fourth Part of the 'Instauratio,' and which corresponds exactly to the programme laid down in the *Distributio* and partly carried out in the 'Organum,' is also passed over in silence by Mr. Reed, though he actually quotes the next four sentences of the same Preface, which he imagines lend support to his strange thesis.

We have now a clear idea of the *tabulæ inveniendi* that were to constitute Part IV. of the 'Instauratio': they were examples of the application of the new induction to various subjects of "natural history" (including as Bacon does under that term physics, chemistry, and mechanics, as well as those subjects to which the term is now commonly applied). They are called *tabulæ* because they were to be in tabular form, like the extant *tabulæ* in Part II., of which Part, as Bacon himself says, the 'Scala Intellectus' (Part IV.) was to be merely "a particular and fully developed application." We are justified in inferring, from 'Novum Organum,' i., 127, that Part IV. was also to contain "tables of discovery" for logic, ethics, and political science, since Bacon says that his method is equally applicable to those sciences, and that he "constructs a history and tables of discovery concerning anger, fear, shame, and the like; and also concerning examples of civil matters; and not less concerning the mental operations of memory, composition and division, judgment, and the rest, than hot and cold, or light, or vegetation, or the like." Clearly these mental, moral, and political *tabulæ* were to exemplify the new induction, and were to resemble the tables employed for physics and other departments of natural philosophy, though, as appears from the closing sentence of this chapter, the method of inquiry was to vary "in some measure" according to the subject.

In the face of evidence like this, Mr. Reed asserts, with entire confidence, and, we feel sure, with equal honesty, that Part IV. of the 'Instauratio' was designed for an inquiry "into facts of a mental and moral nature exclusively," and that the *tabulæ inveniendi* of which this Part was to consist are the dramas that pass under the name of Shakspere. The reader will draw his own conclusions.

In justice to Mr. Reed, we ought to add that he rests a large part of his case on the 'Cogitata et Visa,' from which he quotes a long extract relating to the *tabulæ inveniendi*. He calls particular attention to certain passages which are found in the Oxford MS. (and therefore in Spedding's edition), but which do not appear in Isaac Gruter's edition of 1653. The substance of the 'Cogitata et Visa,' however, was included in the 'Great Instauration,' and the tract throws no light on the *tabulæ inveniendi* which the passages that we have already considered do not afford. Indeed, the 'Cogitata et Visa' deals with natural philosophy alone, so that the tables contemplated are even less to Mr. Reed's purpose than some of those mentioned in the 'Organum.' As for the omissions in Gruter's text, they are in nowise important. The idea that Gruter suppressed these passages because they tended to reveal Bacon's authorship of the plays has no foundation. They have nothing to do with the drama. They concern tables of discovery in natural philosophy. One of the passages, indeed, recurs in substance in the 'Novum Organum' (i., 130), which was given to the world by Bacon himself, as well as in the Preface to the 'Scala Intellectus,' and in the 'Filum Labyrinthi,' which were published by Gruter in the same volume with the 'Cogitata et Visa.'

As a further specimen of Mr. Reed's method, as well as of the trustworthiness of his statements, we subjoin the following quotation:

"In the *Filum Labyrinthi* he [Bacon] is even more specific [than in the passage concerning *'tabulæ inveniendi* for fear, shame,' etc., already cited from the 'Novum Organum'] in his description of these moral and political *Tabulæ Inveniendi;* for he there gives a list of thirteen classes of them, four of which are entitled as follows: *'tabulæ* concerning animal passions; *tabulæ* concerning sense and the objects of sense; *tabulæ* concerning the affections of the mind; and *tabulæ* concerning the mind itself and its faculties.'"

The truth is, that the 'Filum Labyrinthi,' if one reads it through, furnishes an absolute confutation of Mr. Reed's view that the *tabulæ inveniendi* are plays. It begins with the skeleton of such a table, dealing with Motion. This table is called a "specimen of the Investigation of Nature." By this example, says Bacon, he thinks he has made his meaning perfectly clear (*primum hoc videmur adepti, quod maximum est, ut plane intelligamur*). He has "set forth the matter naked and open" (*rem nudam et apertam exhibuimus*). [This is a sufficient rejoinder to Mr. Reed's utterances about cryptic methods of exposition!] Near the end of the tract we have a statement, intended to give a correct impression of the size and scope of the 'Great Instauration,' as the work lay in Bacon's mind when the 'Filum' was written. This statement takes the form of a summary list (*digestum*) of the tables which he meant to include. These are thirteen in number, as follows: (1) motion, (2) heat and cold, (3) the rays of things and impressions produced at a distance, (4) growth and life, (5) the passions of the animal body, (6) sense and objects, (7) *de affectibus animi*, (8) *de mente et ejus facultatibus*, (9) the architecture of the universe, (10) the great *relativa* or the accidents of being, (11) the consistencies of bodies or the inequality of parts, (12) *de speciebus sive rerum fabricis et societatibus ordinariis*, (13) the little *relativa* or the properties. There are also to be smaller tables as occasion requires. Then "there remains" (and these words conclude the paper) "the other part of the work, . . . that, after I have explained the construction of the machine [*i. e.*, of his method of investigation], I may give light and counsels as to its use."

The reader has but to compare this digest with Mr. Reed's account of it (just quoted) to see how untrustworthy a guide has here undertaken to expound Bacon. We are unable to see how Mr. Reed could work through this passage, and rise from his study of it with the opinion that the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth sets of *tabulæ* were *dramas*. We are equally unable to understand how he could imagine that he was dealing fairly with his reader in garbling the passage as he has done. If some of the *tabulæ* were dramas, all were dramas. The *tabulæ* concerning motion were not dramatic. The 'Filum' begins with a skeleton of them, which shows that they were what they profess to be—"tables."

But further argument is really out of place in the presence of such a misrepresentation of known facts as Mr. Reed's chapter contains. We have no doubt that the misrepresentation is unintentional. It exhibits, nevertheless, the character of Mr. Reed's Baconian scholarship, and the equipment with which he operates in his attempt to elucidate the meaning of the great philosopher.

We must remind the reader that what precedes is not a discussion of the "Baconian theory of Shakspere's plays," but merely an examination of Mr. Reed's hypothesis that Bacon refers to these plays as *tabulæ inveniendi*, and that they constituted the Fourth Part of the 'Instauratio Magna.' Mr. Reed does not rest his doctrine of Baconian authorship on this chapter alone. His book includes several other divisions—a chapter of "coincidences," two relating to the dates of the plays, another concerning their "classical element," and so on. These we have no space to discuss. We will only remark that in the chapters on "early authorship" and "late authorship," Bacon is credited with writing not only the Shaksperean dramas, but the old play of "King Leir" (one of Shakspere's sources), "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," and "The Troublesome Reign of King John." Students of literature may confidently be left to deal at their leisure with a critical method like this.

Mr. Reed's "Bacon and Shake-speare Parallelisms" may be briefly characterized. In this book he "rests the argument for Bacon as the sole author of these Poems and Plays on a single point, viz., identity of thought and diction between them and his acknowledged works." Accordingly, we have some four hundred pages of "par-

*His only reference to it is the following (p. 136): "In another tract [a strange designation for the 'Novum Organum'!] Bacon describes these writings as *tanquam vivas*, a phrase which Mr. Spedding translates, 'as it were, animate,' and Mr. Montagu, by the word 'living.'"

†"Itaque consilium nostrum est, veræ et legitimæ de rebus inquisitionis, ut in secundo libro præcepta, ita hic exemplaria proponere et describere pro varietate subjectorum."

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allelisms" and comment. A large number of these comparisons are of the most trivial description—not worth citing, even for literary illustration, still less for serious argument. What is to be made out of such "parallelisms" as "misshapen chaos" (*Romeo and Juliet*) and "chaos is without form" (Bacon), or "You hit the white" (*Taming of the Shrew*) and "Except the white be placed, men cannot level" (Bacon)? Others, however, are very interesting from this or that point of view, and students of Shakspere will be glad to have the volume on their shelves, quite irrespective of the "Baconian question."

We have spent so much time with Mr. Reed that we must dismiss Mr. Theobald's portly volume with a word or two. His arguments are of the usual Baconian sort, neither better nor worse. The parallels, like Mr. Reed's, are sometimes interesting, but very often trivial, fanciful, or even mistaken. A highly characteristic chapter is that in which Mr. Theobald succeeds in proving to his own satisfaction that "the objection to the Baconian theory derived from Bacon's treatment of love, is not only not sustained by detailed examination, but the logical bearing of the comparison is exactly the reverse of that which is claimed for it. The Shakesperean view of love, so far from conflicting with the Baconian, is curiously and most significantly identical with it." And so Mr. Theobald actually finds in this comparison a new proof or support for the Baconian theory! Our readers will remember Bacon's frigid Essay "Of Love," and in particular the famous remark, "I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine; for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures." We must leave it to their curiosity and leisure to discover how Mr. Theobald reconciles this flippant dictum with Shakspere's treatment of the subject. It is this utterance which Tennyson quoted as a sufficient refutation of the Baconian theory. Mr. Reed notes the fact in his book of 'Parallelisms,' but he omits a significant part of the passage, leaving only the comparatively colorless, "I know not how, but martial men are given to love," and, having thus mutilated Tennyson's quotation, and deprived it of a large part of its force and meaning, he triumphantly produces "the identical sentiment" from "Troilus and Cressida":

> "We are soldiers,
> And may that soldier a mere recreant prove
> That means not, hath not, or is not in love."

This procedure speaks for itself.

RECENT ENGLISH ANTHOLOGIES.

When a man is in his seventy-fourth year of life; when he carries half-a-dozen capital letters, in the English fashion, after his name; when he has been president of several learned societies and under-secretary of several colonies and even Governor of Madras; when he still, according to 'Who's Who?' finds his peaceful recreations in "fencing, botanizing, travelling, and conversation," why should he not at length crown an existence so honorable by publishing 'An Anthology of Victorian Poetry' (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Dutton)? This book, as prepared by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S., has the merit of professing no especial standard beyond an old man's whims, and of demanding no especial deference from the reader. All that the compiler avers is that he has brought together a number of "Victorian" poems, of "all of which" he can say, "They happen to give me pleasure." "The personal equation," he adds, "is very much to the front," as it should be; much better thus than to have each editor claim that he is himself an infallible tribunal. If Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff really prefers to give but twenty-four out of his five hundred pages to Tennyson, twenty-three to Browning, and then to lavish sixty-one on Matthew Arnold, he has a full right to do so; and no one has reason to complain unless it be the young lady who may happen to receive the book as a birthday present. Himself a Balliol College man, the compiler dwells with pleasure on those works identified with the celebrated Oxford Movement, and gives eighteen pages to Keble, fifteen to Faber, and fourteen to Clough, while only six each are vouchsafed to Swinburne, Morris, and Mrs. Browning; Rossetti has but five, Watson three, Yeats two, Meredith one. There is nothing from Hardy, Symons, or Watts-Dunton. In all this we see the personal equation again.

The book has almost every possible defect of method, having, for instance, no alphabetical index either of authors or first lines; and being inconveniently divided into four quarter-sections, as it were, each having "introductory notes" at its beginning, so that all but the first set of poetic names have to be hunted over laboriously to find any especial statement or criticism. Nor can the reader know in which quarter-section any given author is classed, unless he bears the precise birthday of each in memory; though this may be precisely the knowledge for which he is consulting the book. In many cases the special selections are excellent, and there has been, indeed, long since, a silent balloting which makes each editor of an anthology decide easily on the poems by each author which the public wishes to see; just as an American compiler knows, under similar circumstances, that he must include Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus" and Lowell's "The Courtin'." Sir Grant Duff sometimes misses this, as where he omits to give us Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and Sir Edwin Arnold's "He who died at Azan." In most cases, however, he comes well up to his duty, and includes, almost as a matter of course, Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," Kingsley's "Sands of Dee," Thackeray's "At the Church Gate," Mahony's "Shandon Bells," Dobson's "Good-night, Babette," Bourdillon's "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," and the like. Mixed with these is a good deal of commonplace or merely didactic rhyme; and the prose commentary is apt to be describable by these same epithets. The editor never hits the point better, perhaps, than when he dismisses Browning and Tennyson with the four terse monosyllables "I need not speak" (p. 84); then going on to devote the whole following page to Faber (p. 85).

Probably the best single service likely to be done to American readers is in revealing the real authorship of that fine poem, "The Ballad of the Boat." We have not Mr. Stedman's 'Victorian Anthology' at hand, but this poem has passed in American books of selections as having been written by an unknown "R. Garrett," this being mainly the consequence of an error in editing the little book called 'Sea and Shore' some twenty years ago. It now, however, appears as the work of a man dear to many Americans, Dr. Richard Garnett, late of the British Museum; and we reprint it because of this long error and its own high quality:

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.

The stream was smooth as glass. We said:
"Arise, and let's away";
The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay,
And, spread the sail and strong the oar, we gaily took our way.
"When shall the sandy bar be crost? When shall we find the bay?"

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted plains;
The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy rains;
The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crost? When shall we find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly large,
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke, sinks flaming at their marge;
The waves are bright with mirror'd light as jacinths on our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crost? When shall we find the way?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see
The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away;
Now shall the sandy bar be crost, now shall we find the bay!

The sea-gull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through the night.
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her lay,
When once the sandy bar is crost and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful, as a shroud-enfolded ghost?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangor on the coast?
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar away.
Oh stream, is this thy bar of sand? Oh boat, is this the bay?

A great contrast to the previous rather cumbrous but well-meaning book is a most agreeable volume under the slightly awkward name of 'The Spindle-side of Scotch Song,' devoted to the memory of a marvellous series of women, each of whom appears in literary history dimly yet definitely, contributes to it her little gem of immortal song, and then relapses into obscurity once more. She may be a titled lady or a Border belle, like the Baroness Nairne, or Mrs. Alison Cockburn; she may be Jean Glover, the Kilmarnock weaver's daughter, whom Burns records as "strolling through the country with a sleight-of-hand blackguard"; each furnishes her song and disappears, except as some kindly editress in later days may search out her story, and portray her life in all the wonderful picturesqueness which belonged to that early period of Scottish society—a period that came and went, bequeathing us these ballads and the Waverley Novels. Scott himself knew several of these ladies, gave them hints for ballads, or recorded their memories. The editor of this volume perhaps attempts too much to individualize her sitters by artificial phrases—"the songstress of heather and heath," "the songstress incognita," and so on; it is quite needless, since each individualizes herself and makes herself immortal by her song. No vagabond in the world has ever sung the joys of that profession like Jean Glover, who, as she chanted them, may have been passing with her blackguard companion by "the lonely farmhouse of Lochgoin, where, after his week's work, the author of the 'Scots Worthies' sat writing the biographies of the

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martyrs by the light of the peat-fire" (p. 74); while the song rang out:

"Ower the muir amang the heather,
Ower the muir amang the heather,
By sea and sky, she shall be mine,
That bonnie lass amang the heather!"

Or it may have been Susanna Blamire, who sang for village festivals beneath the shadow of Helvellyn, and left behind her the ever-plaintive lay:

"And ye shall walk in silk attire
And siller hae to spare
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride
Nor think on Donald mair."

Then there was Lady Grisell Hume, afterwards Mrs. Baillie, who spent much of her time, during one winter, in carrying food to her father, Sir Patrick, a leader of the Covenanters, when imprisoned in the Tolbooth, or when hiding himself in the family mansion; first beneath the flooring of a cellar from which he was driven by water undermining it, and then in the family vault close by. Suddenly appearing in the dark retreat, where Sir Patrick was beguiling tedious hours by committing Latin psalms to heart, she would regale him not merely with the boiled sheep's head which she bore in her apron, but by imitating the amazed cry of her young brother Sandy at its disappearance, he exclaiming, "Mother! Will you look at Grisell? While we have been eating her broth, she has eaten up the whole sheep's head!" (p. 17). Perhaps it was on her return from one of these visits that she composed that unforgotten Scotch song, which we quote as being here for the first time given in correct rendering:

WERENA MY HEART LICHT, I WAD DEE.

There was ance a may, and she lo'ed na men;
She biggit her bonnie bouir doon in yon glen;
But now she cries, Dule, and a-well-a-day!
Come doon the green gait and come here-away.

When bonnie young Johnie cam ower the sea,
He said he saw naething sae bonnie as me;
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;
And werena my heart licht, I wad dee.

. . . . . .

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his broo,
His auld ane looked better than monie ane's new;
But noo he lets wear ony gait it will hing
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

And now he gangs daund'ring about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes;
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks an e'e;
And werena my heart licht, I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I hae been,
We should hae been galloping doon on yon green,
And linkin' it on the lilie-white lea,
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!

Then there were the two Selkirkshire "Forest" ladies, Alison Rutherford and Jean Elliot, who gave the two separate versions of "The Flowers of the Forest," each so musical and so plaintive that they were both long attributed to periods long gone by. Both referred to the losses of the Forest region at Flodden Field, and they so revived the old popular air that wherever a Scottish soldier is borne to the grave, through all the range of the British empire, to-day, this dirge is his requiem. Miss Eliot's version, long supposed to be much the older, is that beginning:

"I've heard them lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lassies a' lilting before the dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

The other is in a slightly different poetic rhythm, but it goes to the same air, and has this strong verse in it:

"I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempests storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams
Glittering in the sunny beams
Grow drumly and dark as they rolled on their way."

It was of Mrs. Cockburn that Sir Walter Scott wrote one of his vivid personal descriptions, as of an old friend; describing her gay evening entertainments, at which the final *petit souper* was like that of Swift's Stella, the description of which Mrs. Cockburn used herself to quote, by way of preliminary introduction to its frugal viands:

"A supper like her mighty self—
Four nothings on four plates of delf."

Then there is the ever-plaintive "Auld Robin Gray," a ballad whose secret was kept by the authoress, a woman—the best-kept literary secrets, like that of the "Saxe-Holm" stories, are usually kept by women—until within a year of Lady Anne Lindsay's death, at seventy-five. This was when she held the most brilliant drawing-room in London, and entertained it so well that once, when she had a large and distinguished dinner party, and something went wrong in the kitchen, her old servant whispered from behind her chair, "My lady, you must tell another story. The second course won't be ready for ten minutes!" (p. 108). She it was who wrote:

"When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye are a' hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane.
The woes o' my heart fall in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman wha sleeps sound by me."

One is, however, sorry to discover from this book that the repenting Scotch lady wrote a second part to the plaintive poem. In this added canto Auld Robin dies, the heroine marries the returned Jamie, and we hear of "a bonnie wee bairn" in the last line but one.

Then comes the author of perhaps the most profoundly beautiful of all Scotch songs, "The Land o' the Leal." On the lawn at Gask House, where Carolina Oliphant lies buried, there stands her memorial cross with the words, "Carmina Morte Carent" (Her songs are immortal). These songs are varied: there is the rollicking "Laird o' Cockpen"; there is that song of magnificent surprises, "Caller Herrin'," which can never be forgotten by those who have once heard it sung, no matter how long ago, by Antoinette Sterling; and there is, above all, "The Land o' the Leal." Songs like these are the education of a race; it is these which were first created by that ideal quality lying deep in the nature of every Scotchman; they were created by it, and now serve to perpetuate it.

RECENT FICTION.

Luck o' Lassendale. By the Earl of Iddesleigh. John Lane.

Up the Witch Brook Road. By Kate Upson Clark. J. F. Taylor & Co.

The Shadow of the Rope. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Downrenter's Son. By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

There is a naïveté amounting to childlikeness in the 'Luck o' Lassendale.' If "Miss had not danced with a lord," as Miss Burney puts it, or rather if a lord's name did not figure as the author, would this novel have seen the light? Yet there are, in spite of its slenderness, several good points about it. To begin with, it is a well-bred book; an air of breeding, almost atoning for lack of sparkle, pervades the work. The contour is hopelessly inartistic, but not all the details are without meaning. There is a definite idea informing each of the leading characters that makes them all real, though very stiffly portrayed. The fatuous speculator and gambler, and the hypochondriac are credited with arguments and complaints that are ingeniously absurd, and that show, if not precisely humor, at least a keen sense of nonsense. And the women are not lay figures by any means, though they present rigid outlines as of little Dutch paintings. The stock-gambling and horse-racing manias are the basis of Sir Francis Lassendale's troubles, and if his experiences are not novel, there is a combination of gentleman and fool in his reasoning that has almost the effect of a creation.

'Up the Witch Brook Road' justifies its name of "a summer idyl" by being light and pastoral, by breathing of New England hills and pastures and orchards, by being flavored with apples and costumed in dimity. It tells of "the late forties of the last century," and tenderly laments the passing of a day innocent of railroads and tramps. Manners have changed, but the description of farm and wood and rocky hills well describes the Massachusetts hill country of to-day. The farm-folk munch their apples still on soft September days, but now women sit in their doorways as they munch, and watch the passing trolleys, and children run out from the school-house and give "a great big one" to a favorite conductor. Yet the September sun shines over all, and the haze lies blue in the hollows of the cliffs as it did in Aunt Apphia's day. A story steps along hand in hand with the picture of New England life—a mystery even, and some black shadows. The tale is told through the always unconvincing medium of a seven or eight-year-old child's recollections of events miraculously overheard, understood, and remembered by her. But it is a little story full of sweet hill breezes.

Mr. Hornung's new book is in his most interesting vein. Of course it has an Australian side. Of course it deals with mysteries and misdemeanors, and, equally of course, even the hardened novel-reader tingles with suspense and wonder over the issue. We say it in no spirit of detraction—sometimes Mr. Hornung's solutions are more mysterious than the mysteries, and this book is a case in point. Rather let us say that it is a feature of his originality. And if we cannot always follow his ways of making his characters happy, why should we? Let us simply give thanks for a clean, clever novel, which will not be put aside till the end is reached. It would be a crime worthy Mr. Hornung's own pen to tell the story here; but we may say that the heroine is wholly loveworthy, and that there is a chance to see how detective work is done by "the literary feller."

In 'A Downrenter's Son' Miss Hall has the advantage of a subject new to fiction, so far as we know. Does any one outside of Rensselaer County know what a Downrenter is, or an Uprenter? How many readers—not dwellers on the banks of the Hudson—know that in times so modern as 1846 something very like a small war was raging in New York State, arising from questions relating to the rights granted to the first patroon? Of the two parties to the quarrel, one held to the rights of the actual tenants to their land because they had occupied it for generations, the other acquiesced in the landlord's title and was willing to pay rent. Of the Downrenters there was a faction that not only would not pay, but would not let their neighbors pay, even in farm produce, and resorted to

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violence in their fanaticism. Miss Hall's book gives a picture of this stormy time which is full of interest and significance. "The old Dutch ways and the new American life touch, but will not intermingle." Here is the keynote to the struggle and to old Jacob Hagen's character—the leading exponent of the difficulty. The story accompanying the bit of history is adequate and pleasing, with some good drawing of types eccentric but lifelike. The historic explanations stand rather baldly apart, suggesting as their source old sheepskin bindings and dusty pamphlets. This, however, is but a trifling imperfection in a little book good for old and young.

The Jewish Encyclopedia. Volume II. Apocrypha-Benash. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1902. Pp. xxii, 686.

The present volume of this encyclopædia calls for few words, our review of its predecessor applying generally to it. Certain characteristics have become more marked, and the book as a whole seems settling to a definite aim. Thus, the Biblical rubrics are dropping more and more into the background; quite certainly no one need seek light on Old Testament subjects here. On the other hand, post-Biblical and especially rabbinic matters are claiming more space. The Baruchs of the Bible have less than a column; the Baruch of Talmudic legend, of the apocalypses, and the apocryphon, has almost nine pages. If it were possible to carry this tendency to its legitimate conclusion and drop all Old Testament rubrics except in their rabbinic aspects, space would be saved, and the book would have a still more precise character. Again, the treatment of philosophy is most uncertain. Some articles are good; others are inadequate. That upon Averroes, for example, seems to be written in ignorance of the systematic concealment in popular writings which was approved and practised by the Arabic philosophers. That upon Bahya, and still more that upon Avicenna, are better; but the student of philosophy's sources will be elsewhere. It may, of course, be questioned why Averroes and Avicenna should have a place in a "record of the history, religion, literature, and customs of the Jewish people." There are some other rubrics, also, for which it is hard to find a reason except in the shadow of the mighty word Encyclopædia. It cannot have repaid Professor Jackson to put what he knows on 'Avesta' into less than two pages; nor, however high our esteem for the principal Avestan scholar in this country, can we get much satisfaction from such a presentment. On the other hand, the articles on folk-lore, manners, and customs, superstitions—Jewish life and thought on its ordinary levels—are eminently to the point, and promise to form a mass of information nowhere else so accessible. The same holds of the rabbinic and Talmudic articles generally; those on legal questions are often excellent.

Finally, it is evident that the backbone of this encyclopædia is to be Jewish biography and history from post-Biblical times. In that is the reason, and it is an excellent one, for its existence, for that it will be consulted, and of that much will be found here not to be found, except with long labor, in other books. Both for its notices of Jews by countries and towns, and for its still more valuable biographies, it will take a useful place as a book of reference. Of course, it could be better, more exact, fuller—it is certainly not in the same class with the English 'Dictionary of National Biography'; but yet for its purpose it stands alone.

In style and finish the articles are still very unequal, and, while there are brilliant exceptions, the scholarship as a whole would stand levelling up. If the editors can see to this; if they can concentrate their space and strength on some well-defined lines, *e. g.*, biography, literature (rabbinic and later), Jewish folk-lore, customs, and life in the broadest sense, they will accomplish a great and lasting work. For an encyclopædia of things Jewish there is room; there is none for an encyclopædia of things viewed from a Jewish standpoint.

Supplement to Burnet's History of My Own Time. Edited by H. C. Foxcroft. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.

This is a work of very considerable importance. Its materials have been drawn from Burnet's original memoirs, his autobiography, his letters to Admiral Herbert, and his private meditations. No part of the contents has hitherto been published, and there is enough to fill out a large octavo volume of more than five hundred pages. The Bishop of Sarum's activity is already well known, and few who are familiar with his age can have failed to form a strongly marked impression of his personality, but in this new autobiography we can see him more clearly than ever before. As Mr. Foxcroft says,

"it is singularly characteristic; and while the interest of the Memoirs is dependent on that of the History, to which they are an indispensable complement, this quaint and curious piece of self-revelation—unique, perhaps, in the case of a man high in ecclesiastical office and verging upon his threescore years and ten—should attract on its own merits the attention of the literary world."

By far the greater part of Mr. Foxcroft's volume consists of fragments of Burnet's original memoirs, which still remain. There was a first draught, a recension, a second recension, and then a good deal of doubtful editing. Burnet was a strong party man in days when party feeling involved bitter personal hatred, and everything he wrote was sure to be attacked. His posthumous works were assailed with the same acrimony which had been directed against the publications of his lifetime. Accordingly, the 'History' was garbled and the Autobiography was suppressed, although the latter was made to supply data for the official sketch of his life. The Bishop's family shrank from enmities and controversies, and made by no means the best use of their literary opportunities. Their remissness accounts largely for the retarded publication of the passages that are now brought forward by Mr. Foxcroft from the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum, and from the Burnet papers which the University of Oxford acquired in 1835. Some of the differences between the Memoirs and the 'History of My Own Time' as it was at last given to the world were pointed out by Ranke, but he did not prepare an exhaustive list of them. In Mr. Foxcroft's 'Supplement,' on the contrary, the task of placing the early draughts side by side with the 'History' is faithfully performed, with the result that many grave discrepancies are revealed. One of the most amusing is furnished by Burnet's successive accounts of Marlborough's disgrace:

"Originally," says Mr. Foxcroft, "this was ascribed to detected treachery, of which Burnet had been informed by William himself; next, Burnet concedes that a disaffected man may be unjustly aspersed by the interpretations of political go-betweens; finally, the charge is dismissed as quite unfounded, and the Churchill version of the affair is accepted without demur."

Naturally, the Bishop's reputation as a credible historian does not improve under this process of comparison. As for the Autobiography, it is too garrulous and self-satisfied to produce the impression that Burnet was endowed with true dignity or refinement. Though he professes not to be swayed by any thought of vanity, he is essentially self-centred and too frequently complacent. On finishing this *apologia* of the vigorous and pushful Scot, there is little ground for wonder that he should have been well hated. But he had the energy of his nation, and went through the world with pachydermatous enjoyment of his own success.

Thoughts from the Letters of Petrarch. By J. Lohse. London: Dent; New York: Dutton.

The compiler, whose sex is effectively concealed by the succinct subscription, furnishes a new proof of the constantly growing interest in the Father of Humanism. To one who is familiar only with the 'Canzoniere' these brief extracts will suggest quite a different Petrarch from the one whom they have known. He was not only a singer, he was an inveterate moralizer as well. The fugacity of life and its opportunities, the imminence of death, the desirable but arduous nature of virtue, and the disappointing results of vice, are themes which appear to have had a sort of stylistic fascination for him. He was fond of the 'Tusculan Disputations,' of Seneca's moral treatises, and of Augustine's 'Confessions.' In them he found encouragement to weave into his letters many an uninspired reflection upon our mortal estate. On one occasion he frankly says: "Strange to say, I often feel a craving to write, without knowing to whom or on what subject." When in doubt he moralized.

Naturally, the editor of the volume in hand wished to have a large number of brief and quite self-explanatory passages. He found himself thrown necessarily to a great extent upon such quotable sentiments as the following: "The whole life of wise men ought to be a constant meditation on death." "How many do you think you can find who do not take anxious thought for the morrow?" "Delay is danger." "A deed cannot be undone by repentance." "How dear is life to all mortals, and at the same time how little count they take of it." It is clear that Petrarch was no epigrammatist, and that what little felicity his reflections may have had in Latin in the fourteenth century, most of them sound singularly dull in English at the opening of the twentieth. The real interest of the letters lies not in their author's highly conventional philosophy of life, but in the precious

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hints which they furnish of his literary ambitions and those of his contemporaries. Moreover, as one gets better acquainted with Petrarch, it becomes apparent that his conduct belied the semi-monastic conception of life to which he pays so much respect.

Among the really genuine expressions of feeling which have been included in the present collection, none is nobler than the old scholar's reply to his friend Boccaccio, who was urging him to spare his declining strength: "Constant work and application are the life of my soul. When you see me less eager and longing for rest, you may be sure that I am soon to die. . . . You would like me to give up reading and writing; but, far from trying me, they are a pleasant recreation, and delight me after greater hardships—nay, they even make me forget these." "Nulla calamo," he concludes, "agilior est sarcina, nulla jucundior; voluptates aliæ fugiunt et mulcendo lædunt, calamus et in manus sumptus mulcet et depositus delectat, ac prodest non domino suo tantum sed aliis multis sæpe etiam absentibus, nonnunquam et posteris post annorum millorum."

The Theory of Optics. By Paul Drude. Translated from the German by C. Riborg Mann and Robert A. Millikan. Longmans, Green & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. xxi, 546.

This is a thoroughly modern text-book, not handbook, of its subject. The fact that it carries a preface by Professor Michelson is a sufficient assurance of its scientific character. As any really to-day's treatise on any branch of general physics must do, it supposes an elementary acquaintance with the calculus; and its pages bristle with equations which signify hard work for the reader and full compensation therefor. Descriptions of instruments and statements of experimental results are summary, not to say skeletal.

Still, the essentials are given. As a matter of course, optics is here treated as a branch of the theory of electricity. The work consists of four parts (which nobody can suspect a German professor of simply numbering consecutively) — the first, on geometrical optics; the second, on the phenomena of light treated in the general manner of Fresnel; the third, on the electrical theory and the optical characters of crystals, metals, etc.; the fourth, on radiation. The assignment of one principal part to radiation is a mark of modernity; and the distribution of space among the four parts is significant. Taking the second part, which is a trifle under 150 pages, as a standard of comparison, the geometrical part is three-fourths as long, the electrical part is half as long again as the second, the discussion of radiation one-third of the same unit. The book is not at all overloaded, like so many German books; nor is there any undue partiality to any particular topic. The matter is judiciously selected, and contains nothing more than ought to be familiar to everybody whose business or amusement it is to be acquainted with the theory of optics. The fault, if there be any, is rather in the omission of interesting topics. The student will derive from it all the pleasure that there is in the sense that one's thoughts are guided by a mastermind.

As Seen from the Ranks. By Charles E. Benton. Putnams.

Sober narratives of our civil war confined to personal experience are always welcome. Such a one is that named above. The author, a minor, enlisted October, 1862, in Company A, One Hundred and Fiftieth New York Volunteers, and was assigned to the regimental band. In that humble capacity he served until the close of the war, nearly three years later. The regiment guarded Baltimore, took part in Gettysburg, camped on the Rapidan, marched and fought from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Savannah, and Bentonville, and participated in the Grand Review. It was a wide experience for a home-keeping youth. As usual with bandsmen then, he was detailed for duty in the field hospitals when battles were in progress, and he became most humanly interested in the care of the wounded. The little sketch-book records without gasconade the particulars of a soldier's life. It notes without exaggeration the appearance of a fought-over field, the details of an extemporized hospital maintained without premeditation for months, the incidents of life in camp and on the march, the sensation of being under unaccustomed fire, and the indifference to it that is bred of familiarity, the aspects of foraging in Georgia and of building corduroy roads in the Carolinas. The author rarely goes beyond what he has seen; and, with reserve unusual in the irresponsible, expresses few opinions upon generalship, although it is true that he does not approve of McClellan's course after Antietam nor of Meade's at Falling Waters. The only recital not familiar to survivors of the war is, within our reading, so exceptional that, while suspecting it based on misinformation, we quote it entire for authoritative denial or confirmation. On the march from Savannah to Raleigh, Mr. Benton found, among "oases of plantations" in the cypress swamps, one that "had been devoted—so the overseer told us—to raising slave children for market. There were nearly 300 slave women and a dozen or two slave men about the place" (p. 256). A few minor errors catch the eye: A corporal of the guard, not the color sergeant, lowers the flag at retreat (p. 6); Littletown, Pa., should be Littlestown (p. 61); "Jeb" Stuart of cavalry renown was not a member of the Steuart family of Baltimore, whose estate sheltered the hospital first known as the Steuart's Mansion, but later as the Jarvis (p. 12); and the South did not have more West Pointers than the Government (p. 41), but it made better use of those it had. Mr. Benton's reminiscences revive in a most amiable way what the war meant to the rank and file, and teach later generations that its glories had shadows as well as lights, but that those who sustained the Government by arms did so cheerfully and with intelligence, regardless of the hardships of the way.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Book of Old English Ballads. With an accompaniment of decorative drawings by George Wharton Edwards and an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. Macmillan. $1.25.
Aldrich, T. B. A Sea Turn and Other Matters. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Allen, E. T. The Western Hemlock. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Bates, Katharine L., and Coman, Katharine. English History Told by English Poets. Macmillan. 80c.
Bell, R. H. The Worth of Words. With an introduction by W. C. Cooper. Grafton Press.
Bémont, Charles, and Monod, G. Medieval Europe, from 395 to 1270. (Translated by Mary Sloan; revised by G. B. Adams. H. Holt & Co. $1.60.
Berenson, Bernhard. The Study and Criticism of Italian Art. Second Series. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
Besant, Walter, and Mitton, G. E. (1) Westminster. (2) The Strand District. (3) Chelsea. [The Fascination of London Series.] London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. 82 cents each.
Blake, Bass. A Lady's Honor: A Chronicle of Events in the Time of Marlborough. (Town and Country Library.) D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Blessing-Eyster, Nellie. A Chinese Quaker. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Blos, Wilhelm. Denkwürdigkeiten des Generals Franz Sigel, aus den Jahren 1848 und 1849. Mannheim: J. Bensheimer. 1m. 80pf.
Bolen, G. L. The Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff. Macmillan.
Bolton, C. K. Letters of Hugh Earl Percy from Boston and New York, 1774-1776. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. $4.
Brady, C. T. In the Wasp's Nest. Scribners. $1.50.
Briggs, C. A. The Incarnation of the Lord: A Series of Sermons. Scribners.
Bunker, Alonzo. Soo Thah. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.
Burnham, Clara L. The Right Princess. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Byrne, Mary A. The Little Woman in the Spout. The Saalfield Pub. Co. 60c.
Calkins, F. W. Two Wilderness Voyages. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Carling, J. R. The Shadow of the Czar. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Cartwright, Julia. Jean François Millet: His Life and Letters. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $3.50.
Chambers, R. W. The Maid-at-Arms. Harpers. $1.50.
Charles, R. H. The Book of Jubilees, or the Little Genesis. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $5.25.
Christopher, E. E. The Invisibles. The Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.50.
Commelin, Anna O. Atala: A Poetic Dramatization of the Works of Chateaubriand. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Cone, Orello. Rich and Poor in the New Testament. Macmillan. $1.50.
Crockett, S. R. The Banner of Blue. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Crockett, W. S. The Scott Country. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Cubberley, E. P. Syllabus of Lectures on the History of Education. Macmillan. $2.25.
Cuyler, Rev. T. L. Help and Good Cheer. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Davidson, A. F. Alexandre Dumas (Père): His Life and Works. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75.
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Dickson, Marguerite S. From the Old World to the New: How America was Found and Settled. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Donner, H. M. English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
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Ellis, J. B. The Holland Wolves. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
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Gaston, C. R. Shakespeare's As You Like It. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Gloyatski, Alexander. The Pharaoh and the Priest. (Translated by Jeremiah Curtin.) Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gower, R. S. Sir Joshua Reynolds: His Life and Art. (The British Artists' Series.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Gunby, A. A. Colonel John Gunby of the Maryland Line. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co.
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Hill, Lucy A. Marion's Experiences. Educational Pub. Co.
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Larison, C. W. Hwhot iz the Sol? Has the Dog a Sol? Ringos (N. J.): Fonic Pub. Co.
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Outcault, R. F. Pore Lil Mose: His Letters to his Mammy. Brooklyn: Grand Union Tea Co.
Oxenham, John. Bondman Free. Federal Book Co. 50 cents.
Potter, Margaret H. Istar of Babylon: A Phantasy. Harpers. $1.50.
Primary Songs for Rote Singing. (The Educational Music Course.) Boston: Ginn & Co.
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Seaman, Owen. Borrowed Plumes. H. Holt & Co.
Smith, Mrs. A. M. The Roll-Call of Westminster Abbey. Macmillan. $2.50.
Supino, J. B. Fra Angelico. (Translated by Leader Scott.) Florence: Alinari Brothers; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
The Temple Bible: (1) The First and Second Books of Chronicles, edited by A. Hughes Games; (2) The First and Second Books of Kings, edited by J. Robertson; (3) Acts and Pastoral Epistles, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, edited by B. B. Warfield; (4) The Book of Psalms, edited by A. W. Streane. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents each.
Van Dyke, G. N. Gamelands of Maine. The Nassau Press. 25c.
Van Steenderen, F. C. L. Quatre Contes de Prosper Mérimée. H. Holt & Co.
Willey, F. O. Education, State Socialism, and the Trust. The National Economic League.
Willey, F. O. The Laborer and the Capitalist. Equitable Pub. Co. $1.25.
Woodberry, G. E. Nathaniel Hawthorne. (American Men of Letters.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10.
Woodley, O. I. and M. S., and Carpenter, G. R. Foundation Lessons in English Language and Grammar. Macmillan. 65c.
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